

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

August, 1932

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PLAIN TALK



How often a woman longs for it . . . how much she believes she needs it. *still* . . . in most cases it is far better for her to find out the facts for herself.



THERE is a kind of talk among women that they honestly believe is "plain." It is not plain at all to a newcomer within the ranks of the married. It is a mere exchange of personal beliefs. Every woman present will confidently assert, "I am right and *you* are wrong." The young wife worries about this confusion and longs for a reliable person to disentangle truth from untruth. She does not know that she need not depend on anybody. *She can get the real facts for herself.*

It is odd that women, modern and educated, are so uncertain about feminine hygiene. They are sure that they need it, they practice it . . . still they worry about the proper method to follow. They do not know what antiseptic to use. Older women, from their own experience, cry out against caustic and poisonous antiseptics. Doctors say that women need the cleanliness and protection of feminine

hygiene . . . but they, also, issue a stern warning against caustics and poisons that scar and desensitize tissues. They know only too well why these should *not* be used.

Women do not seem to realize that this is *today*. Some years ago, the only really powerful germicides *were* poisonous.



Women who know that Zonite is safe can competently advise others.

Fortunately, there is *now* a very powerful germicide which is as safe to use as pure water. This is *Zonite*. The power of Zonite cannot be questioned because Zonite *has been proved to be far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body*. As to safety, Zonite can never be accused of causing the slightest damage. It is, in fact, soothing to tissues.

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- ☐ Facts for Women
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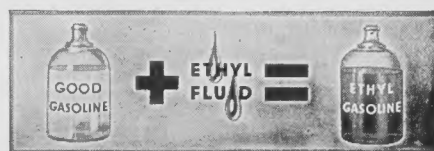
Ethyl Gasoline delivers more of its energy to the pistons as power—and loses less as waste heat. This means you get greater value for every penny that you spend for motor fuel.

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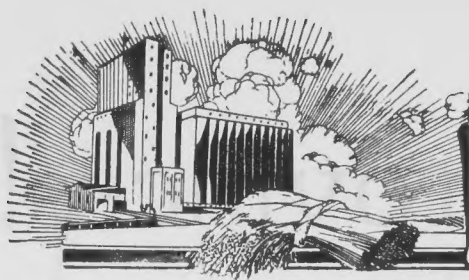
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EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 8

Lausanne and After

THE Lausanne Conference has not ended in failure. The first step towards world-recovery has been taken. May we not hope that with nations as with individuals the first step is the most difficult. Reparations, debts, armaments and tariffs for fifteen years have divided the people of the world into hostile camps. Now the great powers of Europe and Japan have come to an agreement with regard to the first of these. It is perhaps not an agreement that will appeal to everybody, but it is one that history will justify. Those taking part in the deliberations deserve the thanks of mankind. It is peculiarly fitting that Premier Ramsay MacDonald, the apostle of peace, should have had the honor of untangling the knot that baffled the skill of all the diplomats. Nor will people forget the part played by the Premiers of France and Germany. It was not easy for them to reach a common ground.

The next step towards peace is a settlement of war debts. The Lausanne Conference did not adjourn until provision had been made for international discussion of this problem. Mr. Hoover's statement, immediately after the Lausanne decision was announced, gives hope that a solution will be found. Though Congress was very critical in its attitude when the subject was debated last session, it will be remembered that it was election year. The fact that an agreement has been reached on reparations will undoubtedly modify opinions regarding the settlement of war debts.

The third problem is that of armaments. The proposal of the United States, backed and made even more sweeping by Britain, and endorsed by Italy, is an indication that before long some agreement will be reached. If armaments are not used they are useless expense. If they are used to win wars, the winners turn out to be losers. Probably a realization of this fact has had influence in political circles. The general public in all lands are becoming wearied of the war game. There is hope that even in Japan and France, where military enthusiasm is greatest, there may be a willingness to adopt the programme of gradual reduction. The ideal has been set forth by Ramsay MacDonald in these words: "Disarmament is not enough. We must have candour and confidence—moral disarmament among the nations." It does look as if the world is moving towards peace.

The fourth step, that of revising tariffs, so as to permit world-exchange, seems just now to be almost unsurmountable. The fences are so high that no ladders can reach the top. This indeed may prove to be the world's salvation. A policy of mutual exclusion means death to all. There is hope that a World Economic Conference will make such adjustments as will encourage production in every land, and make interchange of commodities possible and desirable. Unless something of this kind is achieved there can be no world peace. Scientific progress has made of the world a great neighborhood. It is for men living together in friendly relationship to make it a great brotherhood.

The signing of the Lausanne agreement is the first step towards better understanding and more generous sympathy. We may all take courage. The first page of a new book has been written and it is without a blot. May no selfishness mar the beauty of the pages that are to follow!

The Broader Nationalism

IN "Time and Tide" of June there is an article by Norman Angell in which he traces the present collapse to its ultimate cause—nationalism. "There was brought into being during the last half of the nineteenth century as the result of mechanical power, particularly in its application to transportation and communication, a world economy. But there did not come with it any world authority or conception, while economically the unit was the world, politically the unit was the nation. Economic freedom of movement rested on no basis of law or contract or central authority." Hence each nation became a law unto

itself. Armaments and tariffs were accepted as the only sure guarantee of economic security. Out of this condition grew war with its aftermath of debts, reparations, warring conferences and world suffering.

Viscount Cecil writing in Harper's Monthly makes this wise statement: "The true patriot desires the greatness and prosperity of his country in its largest sense. He is not satisfied with mere material wealth. He wishes to see his country in the van of intellectual and moral progress. He desires to see her lead the world in all good ways. He believes that to hope for continued riches without this spiritual wealth is futile and worthless. He conceives of his country as the trustee of all her wealth and power for the benefit of mankind. In other words he recognizes no difference in the ethical principles applicable to the individual or the state.

"The nationalist takes a narrower view. To him the only test of greatness is physical and political strength. Such a creed leads inevitably to international hatred and suspicion. Rejection of the principle of international unity and mutual responsibility is not easily distinguishable from international hostility. The man who asked if he was his brother's keeper turned out to be his murderer. Nations are nowadays brought inevitably into close relations with one another that they must either love or hate."

The worst thing about narrow nationalism is that it defeats itself because of its very narrowness. Even on economic grounds the wise nationalist is he who strives to establish as many useful world contacts as possible. This is the one thought that might govern the delegates who meet at Ottawa. Whether they seek to increase Empire trade or world trade, they can do it in only one way, by making exchange easy and mutually profitable.

In the News-Letter appears these thought-provoking paragraphs by the same writer who contributed the article referred to in our opening sentence:

"Suppose the Argentine or one of the Scandinavian States says: 'We are thinking of creating a native industry with the help of a new tariff, building at home ships which, heretofore, we have bought from the Tyne; of erecting iron works, producing material which, heretofore, we have bought in Middlesborough. But we will not erect this new tariff and start these new competing industries if we can secure a market for our primary products with you, and as a means of coming to this bargain, by which we shall take the products of your industry and you will take our agricultural products, we formally apply for admission into the circle of British Imperial Preferences. We will grant you every Preference which any of your Dominions grant. We ask to become, not a member of the political empire (which, of course, in the case of Argentina would raise Monroe Doctrine complications), but a member of the economic empire, and we are, in effect, offering you far more favorable terms than have been offered so far by any member of your political empire, the chief units of which have been increasingly shutting out your products, and threaten to do so still more, as in the case of the Irish Free State, Canada, Australia and South Africa.'

"The basis of Preference must be economic—mutual economic concessions—not mere political favoritism. If Britain is to be placed in the position of a man who has to reject a good bargain from A because he is not a relative, and to accept a bad one from B because he is the wife's third cousin—well that is not the way to grapple with the most serious economic crisis the world has ever known. And just as certainly, it is not the way to keep the family together and to enable it to live at peace."

The only people who seem unable to take the broader view of nationalism are those who are living for immediate profit. The makers of ammunition and arms had their representatives at Lausanne, and even now there are gathering at Ottawa manufacturers and others who fear that reciprocity might mean to them temporary disaster. The unfortunate thing is that these industrial leaders have undue weight in political circles.

East and West

IN THE early days La Verendrye voyaged to the Lake of the Woods and there held parley with the Indian tribes. Early in the nineteenth century white men worked their way from Rat Portage to Winnipeg over the old Dawson trail. Fifty years ago the first railway engine, the John Hoggart, crossed the Red River on a track laid upon the ice. A few days ago three hundred motor cars hurried over the new highway that connects Manitoba with Ontario. The triumph in transportation is typical of the progress in the Dominion—a progress that in recent years is most remarkable.

It was indeed interesting to observe the changes of half a century. Here were scores of Indians in paint and feathers in their huge birch-bark canoes; here were young ladies in their row-boats and young men in their racing shells; here again were sail boats and motor-boats of every type. Close at hand the old covered-wagon and the modern automobile stood side by side, while overhead the aeroplanes kept up their ceaseless droning.

The significance of the new highway is this, that it unites East and West. True, there is a section of the purely Canadian road still incomplete, but at least part of old Ontario is connected with the West. This should mean freer communication and better understanding, both of which are necessary to the development of Canadian life. There has unfortunately been with us too much East and West and too little of a proper national feeling. The new highway will make us feel that we are one. More than that to many it will reveal the beauty of Canadian scenery.

Small Business Opportunity

"SMALL business is staging a comeback in more ways than one." This is the opinion of the Wall Street Magazine. After a long period of deflation orders begin to increase in number rather than in size. The little fellows are taking these orders and as the magazine says: "It would not be surprising if they get such a good start on the minor manifestations of reviving business that they will be able to grow with the regrowth of business and be among the leaders by the time the crest of the next boom is reached."

The Christian Science Monitor in commenting upon this says: "The rise of small business is heartening from several points of view: It shows there is still opportunity for those with courage and workwillingness; to many it has proved that to have been once an employee is not necessary to be always an employee; in the number of small orders which has made possible the success of small units there is evidence of a large potential volume of business waiting, perhaps, only to be served in a way which will afford most safety to the purchaser. Moreover, the ability of small business to make good under existing conditions will be widely regarded as proof that there is room for, and profit in, genuine service that one need not go 'around the corner' to find."

Without Armed Might

DENMARK'S Parliament lately voted to abolish the army and navy, leaving no more than a police force and a coast guard capable of regulating shipping and customs service. Whether this means the passing of military pomp and naval prowess from a nation once mighty at sea, it is a fact that Denmark hasn't the man power nor the industrial resources to make it mighty in modern warfare. Yet the Danes, once dread marauders by land and sea, have followed peaceful paths to a much finer destiny.

Denmark is an enlightened nation, with great leaders in the science and literature of their time. Denmark is also a prosperous nation, well-nigh free from abject poverty, at a time too many lands, far stronger in armadas and marching legions, suffer the hardships of depression. If Denmark is determined to fight no more, the swashbucklers need not hold her in contempt. There are achievements of greater worth.

Let Us Have More Provinces!

WHO started this absurd idea that Canada has too many Provinces? We haven't nearly enough. We have only nine. We ought to have twenty-five or thirty Provinces. Most of our Provinces are much too big. They ought to be cut up. They ought to have about the same number of people as in Prince Edward Island. Prince Edward Island is a very happy Province, I suppose one of the happiest in the Dominion. They tell me that it is a very prosperous Province, that it hardly knows there has been a depression. Why should we not all be like Prince Edward Island? If it is good for less than a hundred thousand people to have a provincial government to themselves in Prince Edward Island, why shouldn't it be good for at least every three or four hundred thousand in Ontario and Quebec to have one to themselves? If it is essential that the natural resources of 225,000 square miles in Manitoba should belong to and be administered by the 700,000 people who happen to live on them, to the exclusion of any rights thereto in any other Canadians, why shouldn't it be a good thing for the natural resources of, say, the 200,000 square miles in Ontario in which Fort William and Port Arthur would jointly be the chief city if they were one city, to belong to and be administered by the people of Fort William and Port Arthur and the adjoining rural districts, to the exclusion of any say by the people of Toronto and North York and Stormont and Glengarry? (Mind you, I said "If." But as you all believe that it is essential that the natural resources of Manitoba should belong to the Manitobans, what does the "if" matter?)

If we had twenty-five or thirty Provinces, all sorts of highly desirable results would follow. For one thing, the people of no one Province would thereafter believe that they and their Province were the most important thing in the Dominion. At present, at least four Provinces, and perhaps eight, cherish that delusion. In the United States there is no such exaggerated State patriotism as we have in the Provinces of Canada, and yet the States of that country enjoy a far greater degree of independence in the written constitution than our Provinces do in ours. No New Yorker believes that New York is more important than all the rest of the States put together; nor does anybody believe the same about Illinois or Virginia or even California. And the reason is that there are forty-eight States, and the sum total of forty-eight States is obviously vastly greater than any one State can possibly be. But in Canada there are only nine Provinces, and one of them contains a third of the population of the whole nine and another one contains nearly as much. As long as Ontario and Quebec remain what they are, nothing will convince Ontario that it is not more important than the rest of Canada, and nothing will convince Quebec that it is not just as important as Ontario. Chop up Ontario into seven pieces and Quebec into five, and there would be none of this uppishness.

ANOTHER advantage would be that rival cities in what is now one Province would not be continually squabbling for plums from the provincial government; for we should cut up the Provinces so that in each of our new Provinces there would only be one important city. Hamilton would not have to be continually fighting with Toronto on the one hand and London on the other. Much more important, the deadly feuds between Edmonton and Calgary, Regina and Saskatoon, Victoria and Vancouver, would be ended, so far as the provincial arena was concerned. True, these places, and a score of others like them, would still fight for favors from Ottawa, but I really don't see how we can get rid of that if we are to continue to be a nation at all and in any sense of the word. But at least it would be possible to establish a new lunatic asylum,

By B. K. SANDWELL

or a new jail, or a new highway route, without being compelled immediately to give the equivalent of a new asylum, jail or highway to some other place just to avoid jealousies and keep the electors from voting for the Opposition. Each city with its tributary rural area would pay for whatever it got, and it would be a great deal less anxious to get



By Betty G. Shaw

*No warrior, armed with panoply of strife,
An artist with a scheme of life, a plan;
Trained in the grim academy of Life,
No anchorite, a wizard, but a man!*

*A lonely chemist, buried in his thought,
Barred from the joys that other men sustained;
No effort wasted, for the thing he sought
Was measured by the meed of skill attained.*

*A king who bent the powers to his will,
Content with nothing but the truth, no less;
His throne a work-bench, and his sceptre skill;
A thousand failures—then, at last, success!*

*Far from the marts that lesser men embroil,
Of simple tastes, by simple tastes beguiled—
A home, a family, the right to toil;
In business ways as guileless as a child.*

*No mighty pageant marked his going on,
No weeping cortège followed to his bier,
But reverence, and music that he loved—
The lovely music that he could not hear.*

*Then like that other time when at the Tomb
The earth was darkened, and the Temple rent—
A tribute to his lightening of gloom—
The earth was plunged in darkness when he went.*

*And so he passed, the greatest of them all!
Gone? Nay, not so! Forever burning bright
The tribute glows; and ringing down the years
The words shall echo: "Friend! He gave us Light!"*

everything in sight in the way of public expenditure as a result.

The new, reduced, Provinces would be much easier to govern. Prince Edward Island is governed, I am told, with very little trouble by a body of legislators and officials scarcely one-tenth the size of that which looks after Ontario; and the glorious thing about it is that no Prince Edward Island ruler or administrator ever has to do his ruling more than a hundred miles or so away from where he lives and belongs, whereas the rulers of Ontario come from hundreds of miles apart, and in order to rule properly are obliged to run around the Province for hundreds of miles more to see what is going on. Why should these unfortunate men have to be responsible for the welfare and natural resources and education and religion of over three million people in 600,000 square miles, when the experience of Prince Edward Island shows that a neat administrative area is two thousand miles with less than a hundred thousand people?

The creation of these additional Provinces would enable a score or more of eminent Canadians to enjoy the very dignified position of Lieutenant-

Governor who are at present debarred from doing so because there are not enough to go round. The dignity of the office would be in no wise impaired by the reduction in the size of the Provinces; I do not understand that the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick considers himself less important today than the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and I know of no reason why he should, since they are both the temporary embodiment of crown rights which are identical in the two Provinces.

If it be objected that the cost of government would be largely increased by my proposal, I can only ask for proof. The number of legislators need not be greatly, if at all, increased. It takes more than a hundred members to represent the constituencies of Ontario in a single Legislature; I do not see why it need take many more to represent them in half-a-dozen smaller Legislatures; and the cost of attendance would be so reduced for most of the members that the sessional allowance could be cut down. The Lieutenant-Governor is really a source of revenue to the Province rather than an expense; he spends on social entertainment a great deal more than he gets, so that the more we have of them the better off we shall be.

I HAVE even gone so far as to draw up a schedule of proposed new Provinces for Canada, which I think has only to be made public in order to enlist the immediate support of at least every one of the score or so of cities which are not now provincial capitals but which I propose to make into such. My idea is that practically every important centre of population should become the capital of its own Province, which should consist of the territory which actually uses it as its chief commercial depot. I contend that it is grossly unfair that Kingston, Ont., should be deprived of the benefits of being a capital while Charlottetown, P.E.I., enjoys them to the full. May I briefly sketch the outlines of my scheme?

Prince Edward Island I do not propose to divide. If the population on the west or north sides think they are entitled to autonomy, I shall have to reply that until they can show an urban centre of at least 10,000 population and a tributary rural territory which with the centre will make up at least 50,000 they will have to stay as they are.

Nova Scotia will certainly have to be cut up. As a rule I do not propose to pay much attention to purely physical boundaries, but after all an island is an island, and Cape Breton has been an island for a long time and was once a Province, and Sydney is a nice town with lots of good sites for parliament buildings. The peninsula might perhaps be divided along its backbone, but that can be done at any time; for the moment let us consider Nova Scotia to have become two Provinces.

New Brunswick must obviously have a new capital city at St. John, leaving Fredericton to run only the northern part.

Quebec becomes five Provinces, with capitals at Montreal, Quebec, Hull, Sherbrooke and possibly Three Rivers, though the latter Province would interfere with the territory of Montreal and Quebec, and I think there ought to be a purely rural Province of enormous size including Gaspé and Anticosti. Perhaps we shall have to make six eventually.

Ontario has long had a demand for independent existence for the territory around Fort William and Port Arthur, a demand which should certainly be recognized, but only on condition that those unpleasantly bickering rivals unite under the appropriate title of Fort Arthur William. Kingston has historic claims which cannot be denied, and I think that Ottawa might be asked to forego any demand for a provincial capital in view of the fact that it is already the seat of government of the Dominion, and consent to sit in with [Continued on page 30]

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An improvement in flavor . . . the mild, rich Premium flavor developed and brought out so that it has a new appetizing appeal.

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These remarkable improvements have been achieved solely through the *Ovenizing* method of smoking. There has been no change in the famous mild Premium

cure and none in the strict scientific control that for years has guarded Premium's uniformity.

Nor is there any change in the practice of long smoking over hardwood fires. But the method is different. The bacon is smoked in ovens—*Ovenized*—in a special way that results in these wonderful improvements.

When you're puzzling over the problem of hot-weather menus, remember Swift's Premium Bacon. Its new goodness is thrilling; a whiff of its fragrance can work a startling change in members of the "Too hot to eat" group. And—happy second thought—there's nothing easier to prepare than bacon! Just ask your dealer for Swift's Premium.

Swift's Premium Bacon and Corn on the Cob are a marvelous combination. Here's the way we prepare it: place parboiled corn in baking dish; cover with strips of Premium Bacon and bake in a hot oven until bacon is crisp (about 15 minutes).

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM

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BACON



The only Ovenized bacon is Swift's Premium. Every pound of Swift's Premium Bacon is Ovenized. Buy it ready-sliced in pound and half-pound packages or sliced from the slab. Both packages and slab are easy to identify. The packages are plainly marked Swift's Premium, and the slab bears the word SWIFT in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side.

1

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Foods good enough to serve on
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I just hate to think of you working hard in the kitchen this hot weather. Don't do it! These four inexpensive dishes are easy to make! Yet they're tasty enough to be served on a golden platter!

I've tried these out on all kinds of men—from the fussy ones to the hearty eaters. And I didn't let on that these dishes are penny-saving. Heavens no—even husbands who growl over bills want to eat well. These are the recipes my men-critics wanted for their wives—because they tasted "like a million dollars!"

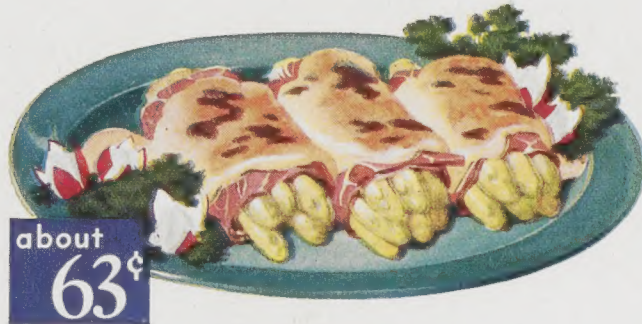
Of course, anything made with rich, sweet Crisco tastes glorious. Crisco is my pet shortening every time. It's always sweet-tasting and digestible.

Why do I stress Crisco's digestibility? I'm very glad to tell you why. Pure vegetable oils are converted by Crisco's own secret process into a creamy, fluffy, extra-digestible shortening. Just look at Crisco, so white and light-textured. Taste it, so sweet and fresh. Your eyes and your taste will tell you the truth: Crisco is better for you than heavy, greasy fats.

Don't worry about what will happen to your Crisco in hot weather. Absolutely nothing! Don't crowd it into your ice box! Crisco stays fluffy and sweet and digestible. I keep a 3-lb. tin out in the kitchen all summer. That's the size that's generous and convenient!

Have you sent for my cook book yet? It's called "Good Things to Eat from Out of the Air!" It's chock-full of dandy recipes and pictures of radio stars—also stories about their favorite dishes. And it's free! Do send for it. Address me, Dept. XHH-82, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

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about
63¢

HAM ROLL-UPS

6 servings of a real hot-weather thrill!—costs about 63¢

4 tablespoons Crisco	1 can asparagus tips	6 slices left-over
5 tablespoons flour	1/8 teaspoon pepper	boiled or baked ham
1 3/4 cups milk	1/2 cup grated cheese	1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon salt		

First make cheese sauce: Melt digestible pure Crisco over low heat. Stir in flour; keep smooth. Add milk slowly, stirring to blend flour thoroughly. Bring to boil. Add seasonings and grated cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Remove. Then trim ham of fat. Each slice should be about 4" x 6". On each slice pile 4 tips of asparagus. Roll up. Put rolls, with pieced sides down, in shallow baking pan. Surround with cheese sauce. Dribble sauce over center of each roll. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.



about
39¢

PEPPER CUPS

that help you use up left-overs—costs about 39¢

3 tablespoons Crisco	1/2 cup tomato juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion	6-8 medium peppers
1 1/2 cups left-over ground meat	1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
(veal, chicken or ham)	1 tablespoon Crisco (additional)
1 cup boiled rice	1/2 teaspoon salt

Select medium-sized peppers that are thick-fleshed and bright green. They'll be mild-flavored. Remove stem, seeds and inner membrane. Cover with hot water and simmer 10 minutes. Drain immediately and cool. While cooling, prepare filling:

Filling: Melt Crisco in skillet. Add onion. Fry until delicately brown. (This is the digestible way to fry because Crisco is so digestible!) Remove from stove. Combine this with rice, meat and tomato juice. Sprinkle inside of peppers with salt. Stuff peppers. Sprinkle tops with bread crumbs, mixed with melted Crisco. Put just enough water in baking pan to cover bottom. Place peppers upright in pan and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. These can be prepared in the morning and baked just before mealtime.

All measurements level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.



about
35¢

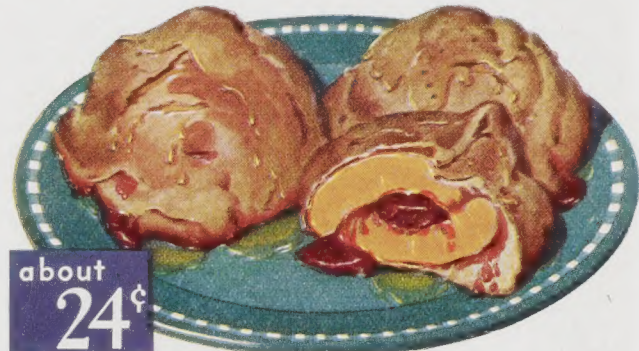
DINNER-IN-A-DISH

3 vegetables and meat in a grand combination—costs about 35¢

4 tablespoons Crisco	1 1/2 teaspoons salt	4 medium
1 medium onion, chopped	1/4 teaspoon pepper	tomatoes, sliced
2 green peppers, sliced	2 eggs	1/2 cup dry bread
1 lb. hamburger	2 cups fresh cut corn	crumbs

Put Crisco in skillet and lightly fry pepper and onions for 3 minutes. (This is the digestible way to fry because Crisco is a digestible fat.) Then add meat and blend thoroughly. Add seasonings. Remove from fire. Stir in eggs and mix well.

Put 1 cup of corn in baking dish, then half the meat mixture, then a layer of sliced tomatoes. Then another layer of corn, meat and tomatoes. Cover with crumbs. Dot generously with bits of pure, digestible Crisco. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 35 minutes.



about
24¢

MY PEACH PUDDING'S

six crumbly puffs with juicy peaches inside!—costs about 24¢

2 cups flour	1/2 cup Crisco	3/4 cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder	3/4 cup milk	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt	6 peaches	1/4 teaspoon grated
1 tablespoon sugar	6 tablespoons strawberry jam	lemon rind
	or 1/2 cup fresh raspberries	

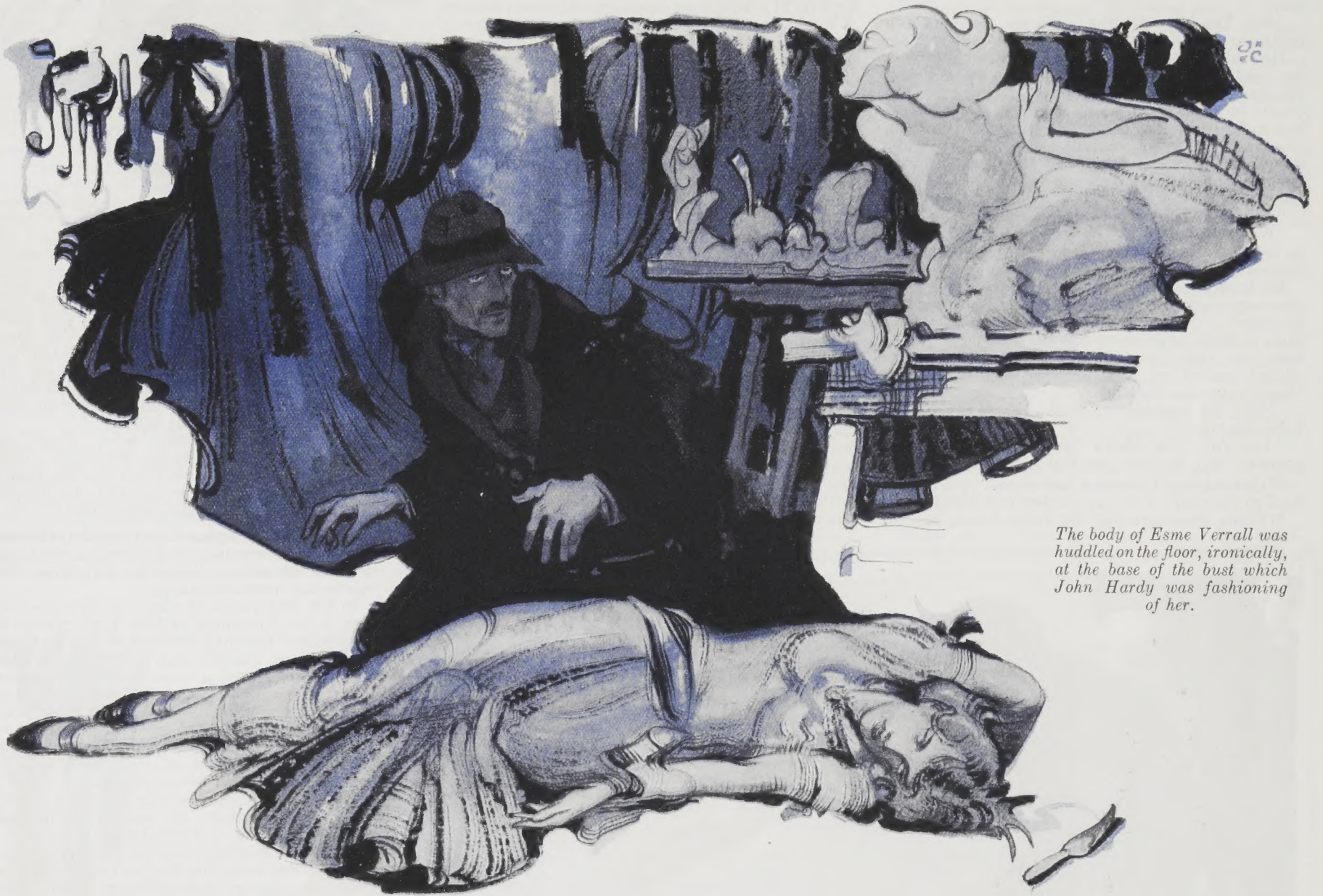
Sift flour, baking powder, salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Work in Crisco coarsely with fork. (It's one minute's work with light, fluffy, digestible Crisco!) Add milk, using just enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out on floured board 1/4 inch thick. Cut into 6 large squares.

Scald peaches in boiling water. Peel and stone them; fill each center with 1 tablespoon of strawberry jam or with fresh raspberries. (If necessary to cut peaches in half to remove stones, simply put two halves together again.) Mix sugar, nutmeg and lemon rind. Sprinkle over peaches. Place each peach in center of square of Crisco pastry. Bring sides up to enclose fruit. Moisten edges and press together. Place upside down in baking pan rubbed with Crisco. Brush top with melted Crisco. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25 minutes or until brown. Serve with thin cream or pudding sauce.

Why does Crisco digest easily?
Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

FALSE FINGERS

"The Perfect Crime." Killing is Deliberately Planned—and Executed—in "False Fingers."
One Follows Every Thought in the Slayer's Mind. The Deed
is Devilish for Its Detail—but . . .



The body of Esme Verrall was huddled on the floor, ironically, at the base of the bust which John Hardy was fashioning of her.

CASPAR WHITING paced the shady side of a long street, keeping his gaze fixed on a corner shop in a street which intersected it some distance away. His movements attracted not the slightest interest, and, while he had his objective in plain view, nobody in the corner shop or in the rooms over it could possibly see him, even if they had been expecting him.

Whiting was in the best possible disguise—that is to say, he was wearing an unfamiliar suit and an unfamiliar hat. Even if he had met anybody whom he knew in this out-of-the-way region of the city he would have been passed without a glance of recognition. In the shabby, seedy-looking man it would have been impossible to discern the spruce, fashionable Fifth Avenue photographer.

Whiting had reached that point of despairing wretchedness that resolves itself of a sudden into implacable resolution. He meant to murder Esme Verrall within the next twenty minutes.

He had sent her a fake call, as if it came from John Hardy in his studio, and he had timed it so that it should reach her apartment during her absence.

He knew she had a new maid, who was probably unacquainted with Hardy's voice—at least, sufficiently so to make it reasonably sure that she would tell Esme Verrall, on her return, that Hardy had called up and asked her to come back to his studio. Whiting chuckled as he thought how deftly he had laid his plans.

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

He had kept watch on Esme and Hardy for days, so he knew their habits exactly. That whole afternoon he had been watching Hardy's studio. He had seen Hardy enter it at four, and Esme, a few minutes later. At five Esme had left, and Whiting had been sufficiently close to her to see that she was crying.

He had smiled because he had known exactly what the cause of the quarrel had been. It had been himself.

Promptly, before Esme could reach her apartment, he had called up the maid and made the appointment. He knew Esme would come hurrying back to make up with Hardy.

At half-past five Hardy had left the studio. This was what Whiting had expected. He had counted on that as the result of his days of observation. The only risk was that Hardy would be seen to leave. But Hardy was unsociable, and the winter evenings were lengthening—it was nearly dark. Whiting rubbed his hands. Things could not have gone better.

The normal man had been transformed by passion into a bloodthirsty monster. He did not want to kill Hardy; he had no grudge against him, although it was necessary—and just—that Hardy should go to the chair in requital for Esme's death. Whiting

wanted the life of the woman who had once been his wife, who had refused to marry him again, and who had pledged herself to Hardy.

He chuckled again as he walked slowly toward the intersecting street, watching for Esme Verrall to enter his trap. To prevent suspicion falling upon him, he had carefully given out the news that Esme and he were to be married. He had derided Hardy, pitied him for a fool in thinking that he had any chance with Esme. Consequently, Esme's murder would naturally be ascribed to Hardy, and not to himself.

As he walked he fingered the handle of the scraper with which he planned to do the deed. Whiting had thought out every detail. The scraper was as sharp as a razor on one side, and it had a dagger point. The handle was of bone, and Whiting had abstracted it from Hardy's studio a day or two before, during the course of a visit he had paid there. Hardy never locked his door. Whiting knew that he was leaving prints on the bone handle as he fondled it, but he was not going to be trapped that way. He had thought this out too, and it was to be the most masterly concept of the whole plan.

As he neared the end of the street, peering more closely through the gathering darkness, he saw a woman's slight figure hurrying toward the corner shop. It stopped at the adjacent door, opened it, and passed in. Whiting crossed the street quickly, and entered likewise. He heard the woman's steps on the floor above, heard her open Hardy's door

and enter the studio. Whiting went up. He was conscious of every movement that Esme made, could almost read her thoughts in the swift entrance, the sudden halt of surprise at finding the place empty, the two or three steps toward the door, and the pause of irresolution. By this time Whiting was nearing the head of the flight.

Esme, within the studio, heard him. She hurried to the door. "Is that you John?" she called softly.

They met face to face at the entrance. Esme started back with a little cry of fear. Whiting pushed her back within the room, and closed the door behind him.

"Wh—what are you doing here, Caspar?" Esme stammered.

"Perhaps I might better ask what you are doing, Esme."

"No! You have no right to ask me. I am my own mistress. You have no claim on me at all!"

He heard the hiss of her sibilant breathing through her words. Whiting was in no hurry; he was enjoying the situation; he believed that she had wronged him deeply in getting a divorce, and he meant to make her suffer mentally before he thrust the scraper into her heart. He was not a scoundrel, but the thought that this woman, who had been his, was about to become Hardy's, made him feel he was fully justified.

"You came here to meet Hardy?"

"Well, what if I did? What is it to you? Please go away, Caspar! John Hardy may be here at any moment. I don't want trouble—"

He took her by the wrists. His voice was very quiet and persuasive. "Come back to me, Esme," he urged. "Marry me again, and I promise you there shall be no more trouble between us. I didn't treat you right, but I was guiltless of what you alleged against me, although the court believed it. Won't you come back?"

"No!" she panted. "Never! Let go my wrists! I despise you!"

"Are you sure that's final, Esme?" Whiting purred. "It's the last time I'm going to ask you."

"It's final, and I'm not afraid of you. Let me go! And go yourself! You have no business here!"

Whiting was fingering the knife, which he had

withdrawn from his pocket and held under his coat.

"This is my business," he replied, and—*thrust upward into her heart!*

The blow was automatic, the fruition of a long period of mental rehearsal, so that until he actually felt the impact Whiting did not know at what moment he was going to strike. Delivered with the sure precision of automatism, it went home exactly as he had planned. He felt her breast yield, then the contact of his knuckles with the frame-work of her body beneath. He felt her muscles stiffen.

"You've killed me, Caspar!" she whispered, even as his left arm supported her.

"Yes, dear, I had to," he answered, and heard her try to cry. The cry choked into a moan, she collapsed vertically, gurgled, and lay still.

WHITING listened carefully. Although her cry had been faint, it never did to avoid precautions. He crept to the door, opened it, and listened again. But it was quite dark inside the house, and it was certain nobody had heard; probably the house was now empty. There were two or three smaller rooms above, used likewise as studios, but no light came down the stairs, and most likely the occupants of these had gone out to their dinners.

Whiting turned back, closed the door, and switched on the electric light. The body of Esme Verrall was huddled on the floor, ironically, at the base of the bust which John Hardy was fashioning of her. There was a great deal of blood, but not a speck on Whiting's clothes or cuffs; he convinced himself of that before doing anything more.

When he was sure of this, he stooped over the woman at his feet. A single glance showed that she had died almost immediately. The knife was buried in her breast to the hilt; the heart had been transfixed. She had not suffered pain, and he fancied there was a slightly ironical smile upon her lips, as if she had found death not such a bad thing after all.

Whiting withdrew the knife and wiped it on her dress, holding it, blade and handle, with a fragment of the stuff, so as to leave no finger-prints. He was confident that he had not left any in the room; he had been careful not to touch the door or the walls.

Then he carried out the masterly concept which was to bring John Hardy to the electric chair, and,



"I hear him singing in his bath, and, believe me, he's some canary."

flinging down the knife, switched off the lights and left the room. He was rather afraid of meeting some returning occupant of the house, on his way down the stairs, and that journey seemed the most perilous part of the whole procedure. But he met no one, and quickly stepped out into the dark and deserted street, closing the door behind him. In a few minutes he was on a car, bound for his hotel.

His conscience was absolutely calm. Esme had died justly, and Hardy would inevitably suffer whatever penalty the law provided for her death. He did not even chuckle now. He felt that he had performed a sacred and rather painful duty.

JOHN HARDY opened his eyes to the brilliance of the June morning, sat up in bed, yawned, and stretched himself prodigiously. He smiled. He was feeling unusually happy.

In the first place, he was only twenty-nine; then it was November in New York, when the air is full of the snap and zest of late autumn. Furthermore, Hardy's bust of Mrs. Reinshank Smith had created a sensation that summer. It brought him at a bound from the position of a struggling sculptor, with hardly any prospects, right to the forefront of his contemporaries. Since the exhibition of this remarkable piece of work Hardy had more orders than he could fill in the next twelve-month.

Lastly he was glad because he was in a position to get married. He was to be married, within the month, to Esme Verrall.

They had quarreled the previous afternoon, while he was modelling her, and about the one thing that always came between them. This was because Esme still occasionally saw Caspar Whiting, her former husband. Whiting had treated her abominably, and had been trying to persuade Esme to remarry him. Hardy had objected to the girl's seeing him at all.

It was a foolish thing to have happened, because they had more or less reached an understanding on the subject—only Esme was weak, and had not the strength of character to refuse seeing Whiting. Esme had gone home crying, and when Hardy called at her apartment later that evening, to take her out to supper, as they had arranged, Esme had not returned.

Hardy resolved to make it up with her as soon as possible. As soon as he was dressed he meant to go down and 'phone her. Hardy had no telephone in his apartment—artistic temperament. He hated innovations, by which he meant the more recent comforts of civilization. He sealed his envelopes and burned wax candles.

If Hardy had mixed more with his fellows, he might have known that Esme's forthcoming remarriage with Whiting was the talk of the town. Hardy and Esme had planned to keep the engagement secret until their marriage, and gossip of an altogether erroneous character was rife.

Hardy got out of bed and turned on the water in his bathtub. Soon he was splashing vigorously. As he splashed, he sang.

The partitions at the Framlingham were thin. It happened that Adela Wishart was standing in her kimono in front of her range,



They had quarreled the previous afternoon while he was modelling her, and about the one thing that always came between them.

trying to coax the morning coffee to boil up in the pot, when Hardy became vocal. Adela never felt her best until she had her coffee. She frowned, shrugged her shoulders, and was about to express her opinion of morning music when the coffee began to boil. Hardy's tuneful arias irritated her.

As confidential typist at Headquarters, Adela Wishart had a fine job and a busy one. She worked all hours, especially when there was a big case on hand; and she did not see why she should be condemned to hear Hardy tuning-up every morning when she made her coffee.

Their apartments were tucked away next to each other. She knew Hardy was a helpless creature. Only two days before he had come running out, his finger dripping blood from a knife-cut, and seeing him in the passage en route to the doctor, she had bound up the trifling wound. That had been their introduction and on the strength of it she meant to speak to him about tunelessness.

Having finished her coffee and rolls, and dressed, she found there was plenty of time before starting for the office. She did not intend to put in an early appearance. Inspector Jaubert had kept her late the previous evening on an important case. She glanced through the paper. She found, as she had expected, that the case was solved. This meant probably a slack day. There was nothing else of any consequence in the paper, except an advertisement of ladies' lingerie at a reduced rate. Decidedly there was no need to hurry down to Headquarters.

The telephone began to tinkle. Adela, who, unlike Mr. Hardy next door, had the highest appreciation of this boon of civilization, went to the instrument and took down the receiver.

"Is that you, Will?" she asked. "No?—Oh, Mr. Jaubert, excuse me! Yes, of course it's me; don't you know my voice yet, Mr. Jaubert? Do I know Mr. Hardy? Why, he has the apartment next to mine! Well, naturally I'm not in a position to guarantee that he's been home all night, seeing we aren't on speaking terms; but he's certainly home now. I hear him singing in his bath, and, believe me, he's some canary! Why—yes, Mr. Jaubert!"

It was characteristic of Miss Wishart's discretion that she expressed no surprise over the telephone at the Inspector's request, nor repeated it. Inspector Jaubert had asked her to keep her door open, watch whether Hardy left his apartment, and if he did so

to follow him. In six or seven minutes, he promised, she should be relieved.

Hardy, having finished dressing, decided to wait another half-hour before telephoning Esme. Esme was luxurious, and got up rather late. Hardy thought it would be a better plan not to make up their quarrel until she was sure to be dressed. He was positive that it would be all right then. He had his coffee and roll, which was a more natural breakfast for an artist than for a stenographer in a perfectly good state of health, lit a cigarette, and was blowing bubbles of smoke when the hall bell rang.

Hardy opened the door, to find two men standing outside. One looked like a cigar-store clerk and the other rather like a book canvasser.

"Mr. Hardy?" asked the clerk. "Inspector Jaubert wants to see you, if you'll kindly come right along." He showed his police badge.

"What's the charge?" asked Hardy, trying to be jocular. One of his secret terrors—those fears that come to all of us in idle moments—was of being some day arrested—for murder.

"None at present, I believe," replied the other crisply, but with an air of unmistakable authority. "Will you please put on your hat and come at once, Mr. Hardy?"

Hardy obeyed but, as he turned toward the door, he noticed that the book canvasser showed no intention of leaving with them.

"Er—" Hardy began.

"See here, Mr. Hardy, I guess it's up to you to come straight along without raising objections!" remarked the other curtly. "It'll be saving us a lot of trouble—likewise you!"

Hardy, who was not self-assertive, went with his companion, who kept significantly close to him. Outside a high-powered car was waiting with a driver in plain clothes. The detective flung the door open and motioned to Hardy to enter, following him. The car started immediately.

"I thought you were going to Headquarters," Hardy vouchsafed, as they swung west toward Greenwich Village, instead of eastward.

The other did not reply. Hardy imagined vaguely his evidence was wanted in connection with some trivial affair—he had, in fact, connected the raid with his acquaintance with a certain much-wanted parlor Bolshevik, who had been the guest of honor at a recent dinner of the Moonbeam Club; but now

he felt his blood beginning to curdle. There was something altogether uncompromising in the way the detective at his side was cuddling his arm. Presently he began to realize that the car was going to his studio. It bumped across Sixth Avenue, turned south, threaded some streets which seemed to have been laid out during an aberration of the compass, and stopped before a converted wineshop, now devoted to the sale of tea and coffee.

Over the wineshop was Hardy's studio. It was not a fashionable place, but then Hardy had only just leaped into fame, and his lease had several months to run. He had made it by tearing out a couple of partitions and enlarging a window.

Two or three uniformed policemen were at the door, watched by a small crowd. Hardy turned to the man at his side in amazement.

"What's all this about?" he demanded.

The other, without replying, linked his arm through his, and almost hustled him out of the car. A couple of policemen came forward and placed themselves one on either side. To the accompaniment of groans from the crowd, they hurried Hardy up the stairs into his studio.

The room seemed filled with men. The first whom Hardy recognized was burly Inspector Jaubert; the second, Caspar Whiting. Then his eyes, drawn irresistibly toward the focus of all attention, discovered the body of Esme Verrall lying huddled upon its side at the base of the pedestal which supported her unfinished bust.

There was blood on her clothes, upon the floor, everywhere. It came from a wound in the breast which must have caused almost immediate death.

With a hoarse cry Hardy stumbled forward, but before he could reach Esme's body Caspar Whiting caught Hardy by the shoulder. With his left hand he began battering him about the face. Jaubert jumped between them.

"Don't let him look at her, the blackguard murderer!" Whiting cried frantically. He strove to reach Hardy again. Hardy, struggling, gave vent to incoherent outbursts.

The Inspector took Hardy by the arm. "What time d'you leave here yesterday afternoon, Mr. Hardy?" he demanded.

"Half-past five. Good God, man I—"

"Easy, now! Keep cool and just answer a few questions. That'll be enough, Mr. Whiting, or I'll ask you to step outside. [Continued on page 25]



"It's no use. Your finger and thumb-prints are on the handle of that scraper that the murder was committed with."

THE upland forest stood silent in the clear light of evening. The tall trees rose straight into the obscurity of the leafy canopy above, and about their roots clustered a dense holly-like shrub which made progress impossible except along the narrow game trails with which it was intersected in every direction. Those trails, though made and maintained by large animals such as buffalo and rhinoceros, penetrated places seemingly inaccessible to anything bigger than a goat. Tangled monkey rope hung down over them, a maze of loops and snares for unwary horns; moss-grown boulders and fallen tree-trunks obstructed them, and upon these obstacles showed the scars of hoofs where generations of forest dwellers had kicked them in passing.

The forest teemed with life, from the tiny bush mice scuttling furtively through the bracken, to the giant pachyderms browsing quietly amongst the undergrowth, but no sign of all this activity was apparent, except at one point in a well-worn buffalo path, leading down to a swift mountain stream running deep in a kloof. At that spot a full grown bush buck wrestled in desperate silence with the noose of a Derobo snare in which he was caught fast by the neck.

The rope, of plaited sisal, had been stretched in a slip noose across the trail. One end of it was attached to the top of a young cedar tree, bent double and secured by a peg and cord. There had been nothing to warn the bush buck of the devilish contrivance set in his path; the rope was the same color as the creepers through which he pushed his way upon every trail he used—he had walked straight into the noose, pulled it free of its restraining pegs, and liberated the bent sapling. When the young tree had sprung back to the perpendicular, the rope had tightened about the animal's neck, lifting his forefeet off the ground and suspending it to die slowly of suffocation.

There was no help for him; he could do nothing but struggle futilely; throwing his weight from side to side, shaking his beautiful head with its spiral horns, trying to throw off the clutch of the unknown enemy. His eyes were wide with terror; the breath whistled through his distended nostrils; already his head was full of blood from the constriction of his arteries.

In the morning, after a long night of agony, the natives would bring the mercy of death, but the buck did not know this; to him his predicament was caused by an ordinary accident of his precarious existence, he did not perceive the workings of a cunning intelligence behind the thing that had caught him. His fears were for prowling leopard or hyena who might find him helpless, and these fears were more terrifying than the prospect of death by strangulation, therefore he fought silently for freedom, hastily but cautiously.

Along the buffalo trail round the bend came a swift, furtive figure attired in faded khaki shorts and bush shirt—Jerry Andrews, the hunter. Worn

moccasins covered his feet; an old grey terai hat was pulled low over his eyes; his long, beaky nose stuck out between its brim and the brown beard that concealed his square chin. The man had climbed steadily up into the mountain forest, his breath came fast and deep between his parted lips, his manner was worried and eager as though his mind would push forward his rapid feet to still greater speed. As he swung round the tangle of shrubs at the bend of the trail his ear caught the

who had a fine dog like Gyp and knocked her about as Snell did, was no sort of man to associate with, but there was no harm in accepting hospitality for the night when the hotel keeper was such a robber and ivory down to twelve shillings a pound, so that money was pretty hard to find for the elephant hunters.

They had had a few drinks the night before and got on fairly well together, sitting up till late, yarning over the fire. Gyp had sat with her head

faint noise of the bush buck's struggles. With one twist, the rifle came off his shoulder into his two hands. He flattened against a bush, peering cautiously round it along the path. What he saw reassured him; he stepped out from cover and advanced to the snared animal.

The buck watched his approach with fierce, hunted gaze. He saw death coming and he prepared to fight it—the bush buck is no coward. Jerry Andrews stood regarding the helpless captive with melancholy disgust.

"Poor devil; they've got you all right," he said, feelingly. The buck lunged forward at him but the rope swung it round and it scrambled pitifully with its hind feet to regain its foothold and relieve the choking pressure on its throat.

"You're caught, swara," said the man, again. "How long shall I stay free? A rope will be my portion too, old man, sooner or later." He set down his rifle and drew his sheath knife. "Damn these devils and their traps!" he said with nervous rage. "Why can't they kill clean?"

He sprang suddenly at the buck and caught its horn with his left hand; a quick slash of the knife and it was free. The man went reeling back along the path, wrestling with the plunging, fighting animal. He kept its horns from him with both hands, but it was stronger than he was; it thrust him sideways into the bush, and escaped past him, disappearing over a shrub in one magnificent leap, with a flirt of its hind hoofs. Andrews picked himself up and rubbed a bruise on his elbow.

"Good luck old chap; good grazing!" he called after the vanished animal; then he took up his rifle and continued upon his way, smiling to himself.

The trail led down across the hidden river, up the further bank, which was steep and rocky, and out on to a hilltop where, for a short space, the ground was open, bare of trees and bush. Andrews rested, looking round upon the grim, frowning mountains clothed in almost impenetrable forest. The scene was familiar to him; he had spent many years in such surroundings; the blue misty hills, the hush of evening brought balm to his chafed spirit. "Might as well stay here for the night," he thought. "I can't get far through the forest in the dark."

Every instinct urged him to continue his flight at the top of his speed, but he knew that however fast he went, the telegraph would go faster. Beyond the mountains in every direction lay settlements; it was impossible to enter that country without being seen and recognized by some of the hundreds of natives employed upon the farms. The settlers would have warning about him; police would be riding the trails asking for news of the fugitive, and he could expect no sympathy from men of black or white race, for that morning he had killed a man—Jerry Andrews was a murderer!

IT HAD happened at breakfast down in the township in the valley. Bob Snell, who treated his dog like an enemy, had given the hunter shelter for the night. Andrews never had liked the fellow, a man



There ensued what Andrews called "a hell of a fight," and in the finish he had vanquished Snell by hitting him over the head with the stone water bottle off the table.

"HUNTED"

By C. T. STONEHAM AUTHOR OF "THE LION'S WAY" ETC.

on the hunter's feet, she remembered him, although it was five years since he had sold her as a puppy to Snell. Her owner didn't like it, obviously, but he had made no objection at the time. His smouldering resentment had flared up the next morning at breakfast. He had got up to cut a piece of bread and had accidentally trodden on Gyp's paw where she lay beneath the table. The dog was so used to maltreatment that she had thought herself in trouble again. She yelled, sprang up and rushed for the door, knocking over a small table with a load of ornaments on it, in her course. Andrews would have laughed at that; it was an accident; unfortunate but unavoidable. Snell was different; he went mad. He got a kiboko—a rawhide whip—from the corner, seized the dog by the collar and began to thrash it unmercifully.

A kiboko is a terrible instrument when used as Snell used it. It cuts pieces of flesh out of an animal. Andrews could not stand it; he told Snell to stop, and when the man disregarded his protest, he took the kiboko away from him and threw it out of the window.

Snell went for him like a tiger. He was a big powerful man, rendered reckless of hurt by rage. There ensued what Andrews called "a hell of a fight," and in the finish he had vanquished Snell by hitting him over the head with the stone water bottle off the table.

The blow was harder than he had intended; the man was killed! Andrews examined him to make sure, but he had seen too much of that sort of thing to be in doubt; the way the body lay was quite enough to tell him what was wrong.

The natives had cleared for their lives at the noise of the fight; Gyp lay yelling in a corner. She had got in the way during the row and Snell had kicked her; it was that which had made Andrews use the water bottle, he thought; for that kick had done for Gyp—she would never recover from it.

He said good-bye to his old friend and put a bullet through her head. Poor old girl; she had had a rough life, and it was he who had condemned her to it when he sold her to Snell, but of course he had not known.

There is only one thing to do when you have killed a man—run for it! The border is only a hundred miles away, the Portuguese won't give you up; you can get down to the coast, change

your name, and ship out to some other country; Angola, French Africa—anywhere where you are not known.

Such was Andrews' opinion; he acted upon it. He filled his haversack with the bread and cold ham on the table, the remains of breakfast; took up his rifle and walked straight out of the house along the cross-country path to the mountains. The one white policeman of the township would soon be on his trail, but among the hills and forests he could elude pursuit indefinitely.

Bilton, the District Commissioner, would do his best to have him caught. He was a stern, hard man and he did not like Andrews. The hunter had been up before him several times on charges of infringement of the game laws, but Bilton had never been able to sentence him; Andrews concealed his tracks too well for that. The Commissioner's repeated endeavours to bring the hunter's misdemeanours home to him, had produced a sort of feud between them. They each had determined characters—they were men who would not easily be beaten. Well, Bilton had him now, thought the fugitive; there was no dodging this charge if he were ever put into the dock to answer it.

He rested, sitting on a boulder, rubbing his tired limbs, chewing the stem of his pipe. The chill of evening began to affect him; it was time to gather firewood and prepare a place to sleep, unless he would do it by moonlight which, in these misty heights, could not be depended upon.

He deposited his rifle and haversack in a little hollow bounded on two sides by rocks and on another by a stunted tree, the roots of which, protruding far out of the ground, formed a wind-break and means of protection. The open side of his refuge looked out over a huge valley where the stream plunged down in a series of cascades to the plains below. The lowlands were still bathed in the golden glow of the setting sun, there, in the congenial warmth of climate and companionship, the settlers would be discussing the murder of Robert Snell, and speculating upon the length of time that the murderer would evade capture at the hands of the police constable and his native assistants.

Andrews, in his chilly eyrie, knew the slenderness of his chances as well as they did. The skilled police trackers would keep on his trail until darkness stopped them. He estimated they would still be

ten miles behind him when they camped for the night, but with daylight the chase would be resumed and he would have to keep moving ahead of them. With his powers of endurance and knowledge of the mountains he could dodge them for days, but the longer he stayed in the forests the harder it would be for him to reach the border across the settled districts, and in these wild solitudes he could not hold out forever; sooner or later he would be brought to bay.

A HIGH-PITCHED yelp rose from the forest; it was echoed from a distant hill, and again from somewhere behind him. A pack of wild dogs was preparing for the night's hunting. They would strike the spoor of some luckless beast and run it for miles through the moonlit glades, relaying the chase from one to another as their custom was, until the quarry, exhausted and desperate, turned at bay, to be pulled down by the whole pack.

Andrews went about the task of collecting firewood, listening to the shrill cries of those remorseless beasts; speculating upon their numbers. Of all the creatures of the forest he dreaded wild dogs most. They were fearless and implacable, usually half starved, and utterly reckless in their strivings to appease their appetites. Nothing escaped them once they took its trail; they had been known to kill buffalo and lion, and sometimes man!

He built up a big fire and heaped wood near by. There were plenty of old dry branches lying about and a few of these placed criss-cross on the flames soon produced a blaze which lit up his place of refuge with a warm, ruddy glow. He examined his rifle, leant it against a rock within reach, took out his bread and meat, and made his supper. As he sat there chewing, the night came down softly upon the hills, shrouding the trees in a pall of blackness, until his vision extended no further than the radiance cast by the dancing flames. The moon rose, huge and red over the bluff; it would be a cloudless night, but there would be insufficient light for tracking in the forest. He had nearly ten hours in which to rest his weary muscles, before the pursuit could be resumed.

The cries of the wild dogs suddenly coalesced into one demoniacal chorus of howls; they had found a buck and were now chasing it among the trees. Andrews shivered [Continued on page 31]



The settlers would have warning about him; police would be riding the trails asking for news of the fugitive, and he could expect no sympathy from men, for that morning he had killed a man.

Illustrations by B. V. V. Matteson

By 'Phone Across Canada

The Story of the Trans-Canada Telephone System

BY ALEX. M. MITCHELL



Catenary Crossing over Sheep Creek, near Okotoks, Alberta.

PROBABLY no scientific invention of the last half century has been brought nearer to perfection than the telephone. Since the day of its invention by the Scots-Canadian, Alexander Graham Bell, when the first historic words, "Watson, I want you," were spoken and heard at the ends of a wire, the telephone has developed from a scientific toy to a necessity in our daily life.

Success in talking over a few feet of wire set enthusiastic minds scanning the future and the possibility of talking between points any distance apart became the dream of telephone men.

That dream has almost been realized, for now it is comfortably possible to talk half way round the world and the day is not far distant when it will be possible to duplicate Morse's feat of telegraphing round the world by letting some fortunate gentleman hear, after a fraction of a second, the words he has spoken into a telephone transmitter complete their journey round the globe.

Long distance telephony is older than most people realize, for successful conversations were carried on between Quebec and Montreal in 1880. Nor was the West behind-hand for there is a well authenticated story of early experiments in long-distance telephony in the West as far back as the days of the North-West Territories



Engineers and construction men walked some 200 miles over wild, wooded country in the preliminary surveying work for the trans-Canada line. (1) The two little specks at the left are George McCartney and J. Lundy near the head of Kelly Creek. (2) A. H. Lemmon, T. Rabbit, George McCartney and J. Lundy ready to start up Kelly Creek. (3) Coquihalla Mountain. (4) J. Lundy, George McCartney, R. A. Story, A. H. Lemmon and C. C. Boulier at Dornberg's Camp, 20 miles west of Tulameen. (5) The Tulameen River. (6) George McCartney and J. Lundy by their campfire. (7) A. H. Lemmon, George McCartney and J. Lundy on the top of Bedded Range, with the Coquihalla Mountain in the background. (8) Looking south from the top of Bedded Range. R. A. Story contributed these pictures.



A typical scene in Saskatchewan—miles and miles of telephone poles.

electrical communication and his two telephones, imported in 1884, were the first in the West. One telephone was installed in the factor's office in the old Hudson's Bay Fort on the banks of the Saskatchewan, near where Alberta's capitol buildings now stand, and the other in Taylor's residence about half a mile away.

Taylor's success in local telephony roused local enthusiasm and the following year two more telephones were ordered. Taylor conceived the idea of experimenting in long-distance telephony and, although pooh-poohed by the wiseacres, was determined to put his ideas to the test.

Freight deliveries by pack train were slow and therefore Taylor made arrangements by telegraph, to have one of the telephones delivered to Richardson, the telegraph agent at North Battleford. The other was duly delivered in Edmonton.

Richardson was then instructed to connect the telephone to his end of the telegraph line, Taylor

before Alberta and Saskatchewan were created. Alexander Taylor was Dominion Government telegraph agent at Edmonton. His vocation naturally kept him in close touch with the development of

connecting the other at the Edmonton end. In the meantime the telegraph operators at the intervening points had been warned to open their keys and the test was made.

Attempts at signalling were made by each man by the now familiar method of turning the generator crank to send electrical impulses to the bell on the distant telephone. This failed, and it was found afterwards that one of the operators had gone hunting and had forgotten to open his key, leaving too high a resistance on the line. Both men seem to have conceived the idea of trying to talk at the same time and by dint of shouting, each heard the other when fragmentary conversation was carried on for some minutes.

OPERATING reports in 1909 show the next step in the development of interprovincial telephony when the following item appears: "—there seems to be a general idea among telephone patrons that telephone communication should be established between the three prairie provinces."

Not till 1918 did this become possible through connections with the tremendous network of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to which the provinces of Canada were now connected at various points along the Border. By 1923 Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes were connected and this same year saw the opening of the first Canadian lines between Alberta and Manitoba.

In 1925, the new link between Alberta and British Columbia completed telephone lines across Canada except for the natural barrier across the Head of the Lakes in Western Ontario and the fact that the Alberta-British Columbia connection across the Rockies was not quite good enough to permit trans-continental talk.

The idea of a trans-Canadian telephone line was mooted at the first meeting of the Telephone Association of Canada in Vancouver in 1921. A committee was appointed which reported adversely in 1922, as did a second committee in 1925. Nothing more was done until the success of the nation-wide

broadcast of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation celebrations in 1927 again stirred telephone men to action.

In 1928, the Telephone Association of Canada met at Minaki, Ontario, in its eighth annual convention. In the following words of a report adopted, a dream became action:

"Today we have just about completed our circuit across the Continent. While this circuit will not permit of conversations from coast to coast, it will provide service between different sections of the country. Your Executive Committee has discussed the question of going further and establishing a through line giving service from Halifax to Vancouver. This matter is being turned over to engineering experts for a report on requirements and costs."

The report was satisfactory and in 1929, under a partnership of the seven major telephone companies in Canada, construction work began. The

following year the partnership arrangement was reduced to document form and the Trans-Canada Telephone System was born.

THE main lines follow routes which had already been in use for interprovincial service. The new wires round the Head of the Lakes are carried on special crossarms on the telegraph poles of the Canadian Pacific Railway and follow the main line of the railway. A new route has been established between Alberta and British Columbia over which the lines travel by way of the Crows' Nest Pass into the Kettle and Coquihalla Valleys.

Sturdy cedar poles, each chemically treated against decay, stretch in mathematically accurate spacing from coast to coast. Crossarms of oak carry pins of steel and insulators of pyrex glass and on them rests the 4,209 miles of copper wire bearing the tiny currents driven by human speech.

By lake and plain, over rivers and down mountain passes; skirting the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, the mighty St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, hundreds of miles across the face of the prairies, up over the foothills and along the gorges of the Rockies it goes, passing canyon and torrent until it drops down again through peaceful valleys to its destination on the shores of the Pacific.

A thousand times the equivalent of the telephone current which carries a word from coast to coast would be required to make a twenty-five watt lamp glow with light. The tiny currents fade as they fly but like a giant locomotive picking up water on the run, these tiny currents are fed as they flash along the wires. Four times on the run from Halifax to Montreal —

[Continued on page 47]



London Repeater Station of the Bell Telephone Company.

On Trans-Canada telephone lines there are 22 repeater stations, housing the wonderful amplifying mechanism that revives the fading voice currents. In some cases the repeater apparatus is provided for in existing telephone buildings. At other points, special repeater stations, such as the one pictured above, have been erected to house the vacuum tube amplifiers and other apparatus comprising what is known as "repeater equipment."



Carrier Terminal Equipment at Winnipeg.



The land end of the Catenary Crossing at Sheep Creek, Alberta.

CINDERELLA— Meet the Prince

ALVIN DEANE, twenty-five and bent on matrimony, was determined not to marry a Deanesville girl. Something indelibly small-town about them, something apple-pie-and-cheese. Even the belle of the town, Henrietta Loree, who lipsticked lavishly and smoked the odd cigarette, was only an imitation of French pastry; plain apple pie underneath and not such a darned good one at that. Everyone was set upon teaming them up. To get away from her was one of his reasons for going to New York, though he had given as his excuse—Deanesville could not understand that a person might *wish to go to New York!*—his desire to study better advertising methods, for there must be a unanimous affirmative when he put the question, "Will you have a little radio in your home?"

Alvin tried to adjust his sips of coffee to the swaying of the train. Deanesville might regard him as slow because he did not frivol all his time on girls, but it understood how incurably romantic he was. The whole town had given him advice about the dangerous sirens beneath the bright lights. "Don't you be bringing us home a New York wife," his father had teased, though no one was more anxious than the old man to have him settle down in the bungalow next door. The four parents thought marriage would settle Henrietta, too. It might even develop what his mother called a sense of culinary proportion. Mrs. Deane hoped so, though knowing that cooks were born and not made. She wished Alvin's wife to be a daughter to her. Her other son's favorite speech, "The kind of pies that mother used to make," had raised her to full mother-in-law status with Janet Ann. "Young wives," thought Alvin, tucking a tip beneath his plate, "were apt to be temperamental."

A New York wife. "I'll bring one back or bust," he had laughed to his brother. "Don't bust," Clint had laughed back, squeezing Janet Ann's arm. Henrietta had not even come down to see him off.

A New York wife, he reflected as he returned to the Pullman, had been in the back of his mind all along, though he did not know a soul there. Introductions, according to the magazines, had gone out with bicycles. One sat across from a girl in a restaurant and asked for the salt; Cupid did the rest. He craved a wife met in that fashion, the glamour of the bright lights as a halo about her head; one whose sophistication would knock Deanesville's eye out. He would not grab off the first skirt he met either, just because she was New York. No, sirree! Every bean hand selected. He would give the big town the once-over and see which of the fifty-seven varieties gave off the snappiest fireworks. His luck would hold. Had not all the good stars met in his horoscope?

NEW YORK! The train had barely stopped when he jumped off, his chest out. But for the press of the throng he would have swung his suitcase.

Prepared as he was for crowds and noise, he was bewildered by the steady surge of individuals who seemed to have definite ideas as to where they were going and the

most expeditious ways of getting there. He had neither. But it did not worry him. Lodgings? He had a whole day ahead of him, if he were not too busy doing the town.

As he was borne unresisting along, gazing avidly at the shops, restaurants, news stands, all the life of the underground world of the Pennsylvania

By ALBERTA C. TRIMBLE

Station, and realized that there was still another world whose manifold activities throbbed above him, rumbling dully overhead, a gigantic monster which never slept, he was suddenly overwhelmed with a wild dread of not being able to do things fast enough, of missing something in the brief time at his disposal. Only fourteen days! He did not know where to begin. He felt he must do something immediately if only spending a penny to be weighed or putting a nickel in a slot machine for a chocolate bar. Everyone seemed to be chewing. He invested in gum, getting a mild thrill from hearing his nickel contributing to the harmonious racket, not surprised to find that the flavor which lasts was superior to the same brand from the slot machines in Deanesville.

Where the signs read TO THE SUBWAY most of the crowd deserted him. He jostled eagerly along with the remainder. Suddenly, rounding a sharp corner, he felt a chill blast of air and, looking up, saw daylight at the top of a flight of stairs.

Alvin was entirely unprepared for this irruption into the street. At last he had accomplished that of which he had dreamed for years! His feet were planted on the great city's pavement; he was in New York. In spite of the mercury at zero he was enveloped in a warm urbane glow. Gulping in the intoxicating air, and gripping the handle of his suitcase, he exclaimed, "So this is New York!"

"It's New York, all right," he was brought back to earth by a light laugh, "but is that an excuse for blocking the traffic?"

Almost swallowing his gum, he turned to regard the girl who had accosted him. Quick work, he thought wryly, grabbing off a stranger barely landed. Yet as he looked more closely, gathering a vague impression of a black seal coat but a clear impression of a pair of keen grey eyes with a background of that schoolgirl complexion, he flushed again, apologetically now. She was not that kind of a girl at all. Adorable, those golden freckles sprinkled across her cute little nose. For a moment he had a feeling that he had noticed her as he stepped off the train. But it could not have been she. One could not forget that vivid face. No, he had never seen her before. But she was nice. As the thought crossed his mind pleasantly, the impudent twinkle in her eyes seemed to say, "And you're nice too."

Alvin tried desperately to think of a witty remark to match hers about blocking the traffic, but the only phrase at his command was, "So this is New York!" which he knew better than to repeat. Finally he managed to stammer, "I'm looking for lodgings."



The Deanes were methodical, but his blue suit was barely draped over a hanger when he swung about again, fearful of missing something.

This time she laughed outright, her smile assuring him that her toothbrush hit on all thirty-two.

"For a dime in the Grand Central one can get anything but a bed so I presume the Penn's the same. That's the Post Office over there," pointing across the street. "Though they are reputed to sleep they don't rent rooms—lodgings. You're from England, are you?"

"Yes" mustering up a grin. "New England."

"Oh!" with a pleased inflection, and was on the point of saying something when a little pucker crept in between her eyes.

Alvin observed it, thinking how sophisticated she looked when she did that. Merely by glancing at her one could tell that she had been born with an eye on the Statue of Liberty. He felt an urge to tell her all about himself, his name, his home town where his father owned the hardware store and garage, that he ran the radio department for the old man and was doing a booming mail-order business as well, that—but suddenly a clock somewhere chimed out. She flipped back her cuff to glance at her watch.

"Heavens! I'm late. You'd better call a taxi and go to a Y.M. They will give you a room—lodgings," with a mocking smile which set up a dimple in her chin, "or direct you to one."

But she had not taken six steps till she was back. "Go to the Y.M. headquarters and ask for Mr. Hanley. H-A-N-L-E-Y. Got it? Ask him to recommend a place. Now I must go. Good luck." With a flirt of her shoulder and the least wave of her gloved hand, she was gone.

MR. HANLEY was a friendly old chap who sparkled with a lot he could tell but would not. He sent him to an apartment house overlooking Central Park; that is, the front of the house did. For fifteen dollars a week, he had a fourth-floor place to sleep, bathe, dress, and gaze out upon a fascinating array of windows in a wall so grimed with soot as to be novelesque. The room with old-fashioned woodwork and much impressionistic chintz was not like his comfortable room at home. But who wished it to be? Home was only Deanesville.

As the door closed upon his taciturn landlady he had a resurgence of the emotion which had gripped him when first he stepped upon the New York sidewalk, but the sense of achievement was tintured with the pride of possession. He was an independent householder, not merely the son of his parents.

As if that experience should have wrought an immediate physical change he studied himself in the closet-door mirror. He approved his energetic tall leanness. His tailor realized that it was the cutout of the clothes which counted. Pursing his lips to give "The Conquering Hero" a whistled freedom, he began to unpack.

At the third line and the second shirt he rushed across the intervening space to study the scenery again. Aha! the bottle of milk had been taken in; someone having a late breakfast. Food! He was hungry himself. He wished his neighbor would stick her head out and invite him over. Their reputation notwithstanding, New Yorkers were a friendly lot: Hanley at the Y.M., little Miss Greyeyes. On the first floor a violin was being tuned; up above, a rattle of crockery and the smell of bacon floating heavily down. On his own floor, where an ambitionless cat pressed against the pane, a peroxide blonde with a dejected air rocked restlessly. Meeting his gaze she smiled with forced brightness, but he decided that she was not even ninety-nine per cent pure. He was, so withdrew.

THE Deanes were methodical but his blue suit was barely draped over a hanger when he swung about again, fearful of missing something. Ah! a pair of silk stockings, glistening wet, had been added to the landscape, imagination puffing them out the way his mother did her best kid gloves. Immediately he had a Coles-Phillips girl dangling a dainty satin pump. He looked up, hoping to meet a pair of grey eyes merrily impudent and chummy but encountered instead the impenetrable blackness of a windowpane. He slammed his new mauve shirt into the drawer as if he preferred it crumpled.

He had not even asked her name. Wouldn't she think him a tongue-tied ass? And how! After all his resolutions not to act like a hayseed, that no matter how tall the skyscrapers were he'd not go around with his mouth open tempting passers-by to tell him about the rube whose tonsils got sunburned. Not he! Yet the moment she had spoken he had gaped. As he arranged his brushes and safety razor on the brilliant dresser cover he felt himself growing redder than the brightest spot on the chintz and hotter than the steampipes. Wait till he saw her again, the line he'd hand out! If he saw her again.

But he would; two whole weeks. If not—he was brushing his hair vigorously by way of punctuation—she would remember him, if she thought of him at all, as the hickiest hick who ever came out of Hickville. He shoved his suitcase into the closet and slammed the door on trifles such as girls, no matter how pretty and witty.

His landlady told him how to get downtown without taking a taxi. He wished to walk. Though rendered mentally incoherent by reason of the variety of exciting sights, sounds and smells, by noon, under a policeman's directions, he reached his first goal, an automat, of which he knew from the magazines. Just to see the little glass doors fly open when he put his nickels in, he would have bought everything in sight. He stopped only when his tray lacked space, then he discovered that he had forgotten a beverage. He went to the section marked COFFEE WITH CREAM and held his thick cup under the taps. Magic, his nickels! But no sooner was his cup almost filled than he began to get panicky because he did not know how to shut it off. He had visions of hot coffee and cream flowing relentlessly all over the floor. The back of his neck prickled as if there were eyes on him, as if at any moment a mocking voice would say, "So this is New York!" Before he had made himself really ridiculous by shouting at one of the invisible attendants, it shut itself off. "Automat, of course!" he sighed in relief. "Wouldn't he have things to put in his letter home?"



Illustrations by
Ralph C. Smith

"Sometimes, Alvin, a girl has to be her own fairy godmother. Wands are out of fashion. Dropping a glove is passé—but dropping a slipper—"

There was food enough for two but he ate little more than three-fourths of it. He filled the intermolecular spaces with another cup of coffee which he drew with a blasé air. His mother was one of the two best cooks ever known to Deansville where the standard was high, but he had never tasted food with such a flavor.

From the automat he proceeded to a subway train. He was admittedly leary of a mode of transportation without visible conductors, with doors that shut of their own accord. The first few times he dashed madly in or out with one eye behind him. At Battery Place he visited the aquarium and bewared of pickpockets as the signs adjured. From there ferried across to Bedloe's Island. In the Statue of Liberty—certainly no Venus for looks!—the elevator was not running. With individuals of at least seven dramatic nationalities he climbed untold stairs, and was finally rewarded with the Atlantic seen through the goddess' eye. Down again, he wandered to the parapet and sat dangling his feet above the water, listening to the squad of infantry at drill behind the barracks. No air in the world was as exhilarating as this from the sea rippled with January sunshine. Could this be himself, Alvin Deane of Deanesville, actually in New York,

actually at the Statue of Liberty? Returning on the ferry a trio of Italian musicians played "O Sole Mio" vilely. He was so enthralled by the famous skyline ruddied by sunset that, as if giving her credit for the scenic effects, he put a quarter in the tambourine the woman rattled in front of him.

Such crowds! Millions of short skirts and neat ankles. Plenty of shorter skirts but no neater ankles than those he had watched out of sight this morning. As if she had photographed herself on his consciousness, now he had a clearer impression of her features than when she was beside him. Her freckled nose—it seemed familiar. Ah, when he came upon her again, the line he would display!

It was growing late but he decided to do the Woolworth Building while in the neighborhood. He stood in line for a ticket. Fifty cents! The elevator was crowded with chatterers, but the click-clack diminished in direct ratio as the height increased. 20-21-22, the brass numbers flew by. 36-37-38. Was the air really rarer, or was the ascent making him light-headed? 52-53-54. He stepped out tentatively, not sure that a floor so high could be steady. At the counter he purchased souvenirs.

The telephone in the small elevator which ascended the tower caused [Continued on page 26]

ABOUT the only thing Dave Tobin did with any degree of consistency was — keep me puzzled. Enig—just a minute while I take a squint at Webster's — "Enigma"—that's it! Heh—I'm supposed to be a fair judge of live-stock, humans and otherwise, but I couldn't figure that boy!

I didn't like it, either. Prided myself I could spot the turning wheels in all sorts of folks—and "cases" always interested me. Dave was a "case." I spent a lot of time on him—only to find out that I couldn't find out a thing. It nettled me. But what really captured my mountain-jumper was the fact that a slim young flapper showed me up as a poor judge of humans by not only discovering what ailed Dave, but fixing the leak!

I was sports' scribing on the "Bugle" when I first noticed that young Tobin was among us; seemed a nice, modest kid, and I took a liking to him. He was showing a lot of promise on a High School track squad—a runner; clipped off the hundred in close to ten flat, and he only in his "teens!"

War came, though—and when he added a couple of years on top of those he'd really collected, doffed the spangles and donned the khaki, I figured Canada lost a coming champion sprinter.

I watched young Tobin marching away to the depot with a Grenadiers' Battalion; he was outstanding in a fine outfit — big, broad, good-looking. He waved to me—a laughing, devil-may-care good-bye—as the troop-train pulled out. I turned away, gloomy at losing a promising bit of build-up copy. I'd figured him an Olympic prospect.

FOUR years later I watched that same Grenadiers' outfit coming home. That is, the outfit wore the same number on its tunics—but only an odd familiar face was among 'em. Officers were all replacements—not even one single junior I knew was in line. But young Tobin was there—a full-fledged "sarge," sporting a French Cross and a M.M. Wasn't chagrined—much; but I noticed his face was very sober—until he caught sight of me—then the old, devil-may-care grin flashed.

I heard about his promotion in the field, and decorations, from somebody else. Seems he could have had a commission—but wouldn't go up for training. "Too much trouble," he said. But he'd been a holy terror in more than one tight corner in France—and several boys told me the V.C. would have been nearer his mark than the medals he got.

"Well, Bob," he cried when he dropped in to see me, "how's the old guff game? Still buildin' up prospects on the sports' page?"

"Not much," I said, "the war took too many! You do any running since I saw you last?"

"Yep!" he grinned, "lots. But mostly when the Jerrys was chasin' me."

I snorted at that, pointing at the ribbons he'd still got pinned on his vest. "Do any, kid?" I grunted.



He leaped high, speared a pass and galloped through again.

"INCENTIVE"

(A LACROSSE STORY)

By RONALD TUCKWELL

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

"Just an odd sprint, Bob," he said. "Picked off one or two at little meets in England, and behind the lines. Sort of lost ambish, though."

"Still sound?" I asked eagerly. "Wind and limbs okeh?"

He nodded. "I was lucky, Bob! But I guess I'm through with that sort of thing."

SOON after that, old Ed Regan, coach of the Shamrocks, dropped in to see me. Ed's one of the old-guard—his teams took the Minto Cup more than once. Now he was interested in reviving the old game, and was priming a bunch of colts wearing Irish colors for a crack at the Mann Cup.

"Anything new, Ed?" I asked him, reaching for some scribbling.

He shook his head. "Pessimist?" heh!—that's Ed's second name. "Nothin' a-tall, Bob!" he whined. "Prospects is we'll have no chance a-tall

to win an' go East! Weak in defence-field, Bob — can't seem to get speeders, no more. Dang!—if I only had Jimmy Murphy, Red Winkler, or Corrigan, even, of my old Irish..." His eyes turned misty.

"Speeders, heh?" I said. "I got a boy in mind, Ed—"

The 'phone rang, then. When I got through, Ed was gone. He left a note for an item about a Shamrock practise. It gave me an idea.

DAVE TOBIN was quite willing when I urged him to try lacrosse. Said he'd done a bit, when a junior at school; didn't like it much, though—the stick-gut hurt too much!

My eyes popped when I saw him stripped for that practise. He'd filled out a lot; but the long, smooth muscles still rippled all over, and he looked the picture of speed and power.

Ed grinned when I introduced Dave. "Glad to have you try out," he said. "Any partic'ler place?" His eyes narrowed when Dave said defence-field was the only place he'd ever tried.

I was disappointed in his showing. Speed?—heh!—he had it to burn. But, darn it, he didn't seem over-anxious to do any burning! Not lazy, exactly; no aggressiveness—just plumb listless. Once he pulled a sensational run half the length of the field, drew the defence, and then, instead of slipping the ball to a home player, he ran around in circles—until a big defence man whanged his stick so hard the ball bounced clear to the sidelines! He just stood there, surprised looking.

"Huh — thought ya said he's a lacrosse player? Jist a big, dumb tramp!" I winced at old Ed's surly growl in my ear.

"Why, Daddy — I think he's wonderful—if you'll give him a chance! Just needs coaching a little, Daddy, and

he'll make a phenomenal defence-fielder!"

"Huh!" Ed grunted.

I turned and looked at Mavis Regan, Ed's daughter. She was a blue-ribbon-winner, I mean—and she knew lacrosse. Also, I knew young stock well enough to see Dave had made a hit one place, anyhow!

BEFORE long I proved up on that! Young Dave turned out to several practises, and Mavis kept boosting him. Soon they were going together reg'lar—and they made a swell team, I mean! And I soon saw that old Ed was no happy parent at the way things were shaping so far as young Tobin and his motherless daughter were concerned. Also, Dave's lacrosse was about at a stand-still—no better, no worse. Ed kept him as far off the reg'lar squad as he could. Every time I'd ask him how the kid's shaping, he sneered.

I was standing watching one hot workout, previous to a league game, and Ed and his girl were nearby, also looking hard. Dave Tobin got the ball and broke fast from centre-field. He left 'em all flat-footed—it was dimes to sinkers on a score for the scrubs against the reg'lars. But Dave had learnt

nothing, if any; he got inside the defence—seemed bewildered—and they smothered him. A fine scoring chance gone kerflooy!

Ed snorted in disgust. And then my ears tingled—Now, I knew Ed'd do most *anything* for his little girl—and I knew she worshipped the ground he tramped on. But, right then, she opened up on him with both barrels—

"It's all *your* fault, Daddy!" she cried. "If you'd spare any time at all on Dave, he'd be a star! But you won't—just because he's my friend—and the team's losing one of the best defence-fielders we'll ever have, so there!"

I couldn't help it—I had to butt in. I knew darn well the girl was right—and told Ed so. Whew!—the old-timer just about kay-o'd me with a look!

"You," he growled, "mebby know how to run a sports' page. *Mebby*, I said. But, as for runnin' a lacrosse team—*huh!*" That last was a dirty one!

"You're stubborn, Daddy—that's all!" cried his loving daughter—and once again I knew darn well she was right.

BUT Shamrocks went into the league games minus the services of young Tobin. Dave sat on the bench—among the scrubs—and, what puzzled me most was, he didn't seem to give a darn!

I tackled him. He just grinned. "Oh, what's the difference?" he said. "It's pretty hot, racing about out there—lots nicer sitting looking on."

I stared. War, or something, changed him. He used to be *keen*, that kid! I mentioned Mavis Regan; told Dave I was sure she wanted to see him out there. He just reddened, then grinned.

I didn't know, at the time, that they were as good as engaged. She was wearing his ring, anyway. Yeah—in spite of old Ed, that's one time the kid showed he knew what he wanted, and meant to get it. Heh—but I bet the old boy hadn't been propositioned yet, at that!

Dave got into an odd game or two. Put up fair work, too—but just enough to make me madder'n old Ed was; I could see, plain; that about all he needed to make him a star was a coal-box or two exploding under foot! Aggressive?—heh!—anything but! Dang right down lazy, I figured. Got away well, works in close into the defence area—then fozzled around until he gets socked by a defence-man who wasn't letting any half-hearted ball-carrier stand inside there, star-gazing. Dave ought to have scored a couple of goals, every game he was in—instead of which he doesn't get any!

Ed, now, was real hostile. I did hear he even warned the kid off his homestead. Told him no girl of his was wasting any time on a guy which was either yellow, or too dang lazy to prove he ain't!

Mavis was loyal to him, though—and I was more puzzled than ever that he didn't take a tumble. She was worth winning, that little filly. I knew that Dave worshipped her—but his lacrosse didn't show it, I mean!

SHAMROCKS pulled up on top of the league. One more win in two games meant they'd cinch the title and get a trip. But they didn't win that one game. Heh—Capitols trimmed 'em once, then 'Pegs played over their heads to do it again—sewing up the race. At the end of the schedule, Mintos were tied with the Irish. A sudden-death playoff for the flag was ordered.

I admit that was quite a shock to me. I'd figured Shamrocks a cinch to cop—was so sure, I'd had a "layout" made for a feature writeup of the team, when they pulled out for the East.

But it was nothing to the shock I got a little later on. Heh—that one knocked me cold!

It was the evening before the playoff. I was sitting in the den, trying to figure what I'd do if Mintos copped—when in came young Dave Tobin.

Was it him, though? I took another squint. Yep—Dave, all right—but no wonder I was doubtful!

You never saw such a change in a boy overnight! Instead of his smiling, devil-may-care face, he was toting a map longer'n a city block. Eyes had that half-dead, don't-give-a-darn look which old-timers remember seeing when they used to look in the mirror, next morning, to see just how much of the hangover's showing in their face. Shoulders were drooping—I'd almost swear his ebony hair was streaked with grey!

"What's happened, this time?" I yelped, "lost your job—had your Cross-de-Gurry swiped—or which?"

"Bob," he groaned mournfully, "worse than that! I-I—she's quit me, Bob!"

"Hey?" I yelped. Knowing how those two had been turtle-dovin', and sticking together in spite of old Ed's being so hostile, I couldn't believe that one.

"Gimme back my ring. *Sent* it back!" his hollow voice croaked. "What'll I do, Bob?"

I thought hard. Kid was badly hit, that was a cinch—he'd never come to me, spilling his woe, else. I wanted to help him, too—this young-love-in-distress stuff always brings back mem'ries of the tough time I had with Rosie's relatives before we finally talked back to the preacher. Then I thought I saw a light—

"Any particular reason, kid?" I asked, "or—just her Dad?"

"That's the rought part of it, Bob!" he groaned "I thought, at first, it was her Dad; bu-but I saw her at the show tonight with Steve Blake!"

He swallowed a minute, then went on—"I'd 'phoned her, as usual, asking her to come to the show with me. She told me she was *out!* While I'm at the 'phone, a messenger kid comes in with a parcel and letter; it's my ring and stuff—the note says she's tired of stringing with a quitter! Something like that. Then, tonight, I drops into the show—just to fill in time a bit—and there she is, with Steve!"

[Continued on page 24]



"Why Daddy—I think he's wonderful—if you'll give him a chance! Just needs coaching a little, Daddy, and he'll make a phenomenal defence-fielder!"



The Black Grizzly

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

Illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen

JACK MARRIOTT threw open the bunkhouse door, and took in the assembly at a glance. "Boys," he said, "I've seen a jet black grizzly, big as an omnibus—black as a boot button!"

One or two of the men removed their pipes, and stared at him.

"Yep, a pure-bred, copper-handled fighting grizzly—and vicious too! I saw him along about Eagle's Point, heading down the gorge to wait for the big-horns at the salt lick. He looked at me once, then took no more notice, but all the way down when I rode along with him he kept making a noise which was half a cough and half a grunt, as though he had a mind to come and knock me out of it. What do you make of that?"

No one answered for a moment, then a hard-featured, clean-shaven man said—"Nofink!"

Jack stared at him. This man was Bill Cripplestone, one of the most quarrelsome individuals on the Silve trail Ranch. He sneered at everything,

particularly at Jack, for Jack, being an easterner, had got on badly with him from the first.

"Nofink," repeated Cripplestone, stretching his long arms. "What you've seen—if you've seen anything at all—is an ol' black bear nosing round after fool hen and blueberries." "Black bear be shot!" replied Jack indignantly. "I've seen more black bears in a single day away east than you'd see in your life. Think I don't know the difference?"

"Nope," replied Cripplestone nastily. "Doubt if you know a buck gopher from Sioux Injun." Jack Marriott coloured. He had no particular reason to like Cripplestone, and the man's persistent sneering annoyed him. What annoyed him most of all was the fact that Cripplestone was always trying to make out he was lying.

"I ain't talking to you, Bill," he said slowly. "I'm telling the other boys what I saw. He was jet black, and—a grizzly."

"There ain't no such thing," interposed Cripplestone again.

"Perhaps there isn't. Anyway, I saw him—"

Cripplestone got up, the colour flashing darkly to his pitted face. "What licks me," he bellowed, addressing the assembly at large, "is that it's always these yer men from the east what sees the wonderful things. Does old Jake or me or Jim there ever see black grizzlies or pink coyotes or silver-mounted prairie dogs? Nope, and if we did we'd be told to mix more water with it."

"That wouldn't do you any harm, anyway,"

replied Jack Marriott, as Bill, glaring at him, elbowed through the door.

One or two of the men laughed. "He's got it in for you, Jack," they commented. "All the same, he's probably right. I ain't never heard tell of a jet black grizzly, but that doesn't prove they don't exist. In all probability what you saw was a big old male black bear. There's a whole outfit of them on and about the foothills."

But Jack stuck to his point. He had watched the bear through his glasses for nearly an hour, and there was no mistaking what it was. He would take any of "the boys" along with him who cared to see.

In the meantime Bill Cripplestone was sauntering up and down outside with his hands tucked under the woolly flaps of his chaparajos. He could not have told you why he disliked Marriott, except that the boy was smart and popular, which he certainly was not. Now he decided that he wholeheartedly believed Jack's story, believed that the boy really had seen a black grizzly, for he realized that a youngster who had spent five years with the forest rangers, as Jack had, would recognize a bear when he saw it. This being so, there was an animal on the range whose pelt would be worth something, and Cripplestone's mind was at work. If anyone were to get that bear, he was the very man for the job.

Now thoroughly glad that he had pretended to disbelieve Jack's story, Cripplestone decided to keep up the bit of acting, and having made Jack ridiculous, he would sneak [Continued on page 33]

MERCHANDISING DOGS

By H. B. SMITH

IN CENTRES where dog raising has reached the standing of an industry, as in some Coast cities, you find certain well-established practices in the merchandising of dogs, also the inevitable dog merchant. The dog merchant as a rule does not raise dogs himself. He carries light stocks, does not have a heavy expense for carrying goods or selling but may turn over several hundred head in a normal year and, if he is a shrewd merchant, makes money. Nowadays, of course, the price of dogs like that of almost everything else has broken to new low levels, and the retailer is lucky if he can get one-third the price of two or three years ago. But if he can buy right, there still is good money in the dog business provided volume of sales can be secured. Sales drop away in hard times but there is always some new angle of the trade developing, and outlets open in unexpected directions.

For example, for the past year or two Japanese gentlemen have been good buyers of sporting dogs. They paid good prices and a satisfactory business was done exporting setters and pointers to Japan. Then came this "war" with China. Japanese gentlemen suddenly lost interest in sporting dogs. With their country at war it would be unpatriotic for them to be playing about the duck marshes with snappy Canadian-bred bird dogs. Demand practically collapsed.

MERCHANTS, too, are up against the problem of changing styles. Styles in dogs change quickly. Everything may be going fine with demand for say, German police dogs, such that high prices may be had. Suddenly, demand for the police dog flattens out. The fashion has changed. People who know their dogs want Schnauzers, Pinschers or rough-haired terriers. Overnight almost the police dog has gone stale. He goes onto the bargain counter and the dog merchant, if he has not seen the change coming, is likely to find himself committed to take certain stocks from producers for which there is little immediate demand and small prospect that demand will improve for some time.

For once a breed goes out of style it is a long time, if ever, before the public fancy comes round to that sort again. Regard the

Airedale as an instance of how changing fancy among dog users may almost wreck a breed as a sales proposition. Several years ago Airedales were popular. Styles changed. People wanted a smaller terrier, or thought they did, and the trustiest watch dog among the terriers became a bargain-counter proposition. True, Airedales still are in steady demand and probably always will be, but they have dropped from among the topnotchers so far as volume of sales is concerned.

Occasionally some fortunate circumstance may help out the dog merchant at the moment a style

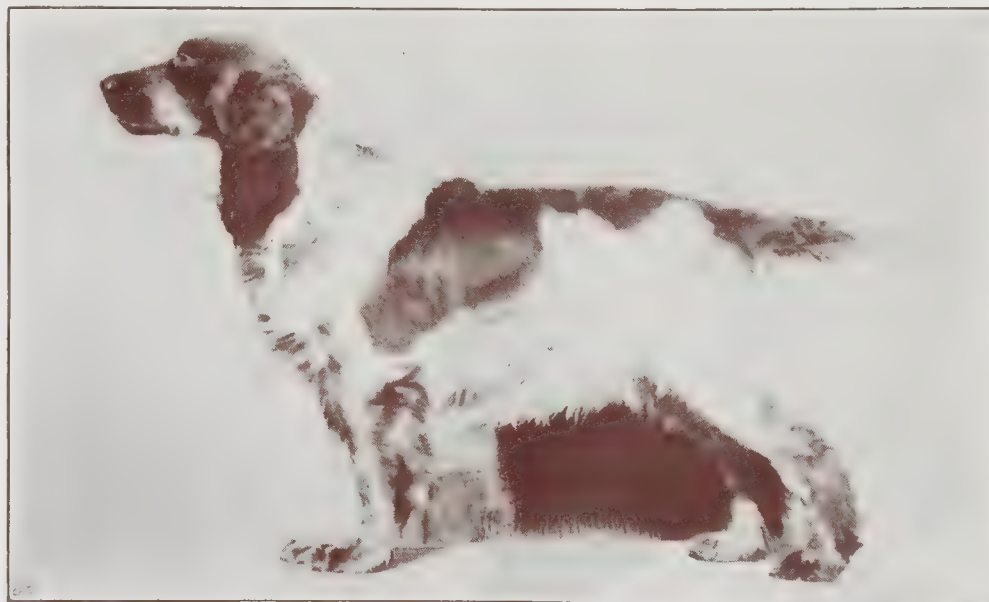
changes and he is over-burdened with unwanted sorts. Soon after the police dog had had his day and was regarded as common by the high-class trade, an epidemic of burglaries broke out in a certain Coast city where there had been quite a run on police dogs. Alarmed householders went into the market for cheap watch dogs and helped hold up the waning demand for the German dogs and, of course, enabled merchants to clear up their stocks.

But coincidences of this sort cannot be depended upon to take care of surpluses. Besides, what manner of coincidence could relieve the situation should it happen that surplus stocks of poms, peks and pugs accumulated while milady's choice in canine companion suddenly switched to Yorkshire terriers or Japanese spaniels?

THE passing fancy in dogs centres on four or five breeds. If one had representative specimens of any of the five for sale he would have no special difficulty in disposing of them. First comes the wire-haired fox terrier with the cocker spaniel a close second. Third in popular esteem is the little known breed of German police dog, the Pinschers (Doberman). Then follow shepherds, setters and collies. The last mentioned trio usually sell steadily under any circumstances and are the most staple sorts for the producer, as well as among the best for the various uses to which the average consumer desires to put a dog. Scotties of all sorts are in the same class. They are a dependable sort under any condition of the market and in spite of any passing styles.

Popular fancy at present, too, is running quite strong to the Schnauzers, pronounced "snoozers," another German creation in terriers. These and the Pinschers are considered among the snappiest things in dogs at the moment, for the reason, probably, that they are hard to get. The supply of both sorts appears to be strictly limited. The Pinschers are the logical successor to the German police dog as a working canine; Schnauzers are apartment house dogs. Buying a dog through a merchant has

[Continued on page 29]



*Springer Spaniel:-
Lammonds Mike.
Best dog in re-
cent Saskatchewan
Shows.*



*Collie—Cham-
pion Elmhill
Blackwater.
Owned by Dr.
Cooper of Sask-
atoon.*



*English Bull Dog, raised in Winnipeg.
Champion Mersey Defiance.*



*English Setter—Champion McConnelly Nori,
Vancouver.*



*Airedale Terrier—Champion Martley Squire,
Vancouver.*

PRAIRIE TURTLES

By H. H. PITTMAN

TURTLES are not familiar objects of the countryside on most parts of the prairie for their range is rather limited. Being dependent upon the water for their food supply they are only found in districts where there are streams or lakes. Occasionally I hear of stragglers being seen miles from their recognized haunts, but as a rule they are rarely far from permanent water. The commonest species on the Manitoba prairie is Bell's Painted Turtle, generally referred to in the west as the "mud-turtle."

Turtles are interesting to study but are so wary that a very quiet approach is necessary if they are to be watched at home. Along the Souris River the slightest disturbance upon the banks sends them scrambling rapidly into the water in which they immediately disappear. They are generally close to the edge and choose basking places from which they can return to the water with a minimum of time and effort. The speed with which alarmed turtles can regain their native element is surprising! During the laying season it is a different story for at this time they may often be met with high up on the river-banks searching for nesting-sites.

There are many stories told on the plains of huge turtles, but I have never been able to verify them. One man told me of shooting a monster with his rifle, but he was unable to give any measurements. A lady who had lived all her life close to the Souris River spoke of seeing a turtle large enough to cover half a dining-room table—that is, about three feet six inches long, but she also was unable to furnish proofs. I am fully prepared to believe that there may be a few extremely large specimens in suitable parts of this river, but personally have never measured one more than ten inches long over the carapace, or, say, nine inches in a straight line. In the town of Hartney in southern Manitoba, I often heard of mud-turtles strong enough to carry young men on their backs, but this does

not necessarily imply great size. Sitting quietly on the bank of some little backwater on a hot afternoon the observer is very likely to see a black head suddenly appear above the surface where a moment before nothing was visible. It looks remarkably like a snake-head, and the first impression is that a garter snake is swimming across. After what appears to be a keen scrutiny of the surroundings the rest of the turtle shows and possibly climbs up on a stone to sun itself. Sometimes three or four heads are visible at once, but I

have rarely seen more at one time even in places where they were common.

Our turtles are the modern representatives of a very old order dating back to the remote times when a coat of armour helped to solve the problem of existence. During the period when the earth was peopled by huge, aggressive reptiles armour was fashionable for medium-sized creatures, and once acquired it has been retained with comparatively little change until today. It saved trouble and disaster for the ancient turtles although, perhaps, at the expense of mental development. In so doing it has provided us with some interesting links with the past, for the remains of turtles have been found dating back to the Oolitic age.

TURTLES are egg-laying creatures and during June the females leave the water to search for nesting places. A sandy bank with a southern exposure is preferred, but sometimes strange spots are chosen. I have known of a nest made in a cattle-path that had been in use for over twenty years and was packed hard. From my point of view six inches to one side or the other would have made excavation much easier, but the turtle did not seem to think so.

Once a spot is selected, digging commences, and this is done in a different manner to that employed by any other creature I have ever watched, for only

the hind feet are used. Naturally, digging is a slow process and more so because the hind feet are used alternately! When the hole is nicely started the reptile backs right up to the edge and by stretching out its legs digs to a depth of seven or eight inches. The hole is surprisingly even and is considerably larger at the bottom than at the top, suggesting one of the old mucilage bottles we used to see years ago. I knew of one turtle that was caught while digging and kept in a box for a night but upon being released she returned to within a foot or two of the original spot and dug a fresh hole in which she deposited fourteen eggs.

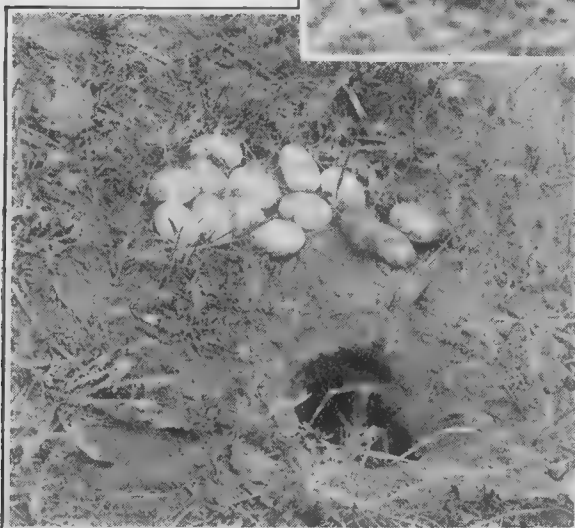
The soft-shelled eggs measure about .75 x 1.25 inches, and are a dirty white in color. Earth or preferably [Continued on page 29]



Bell's Painted Turtles. Female and male.



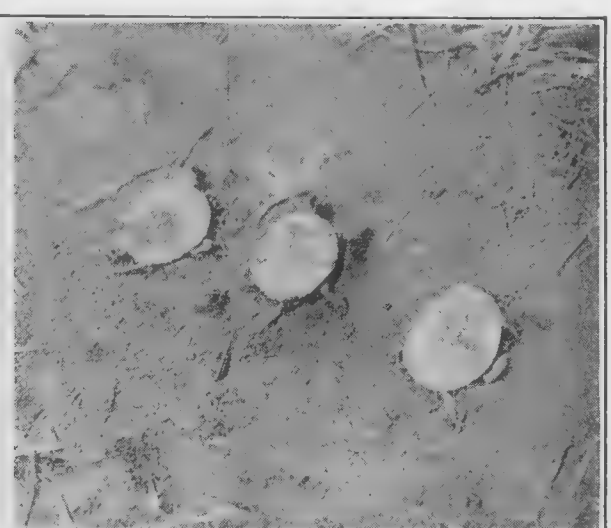
Bell's Painted Turtle.



Nest-hole and eggs of Bell's Painted Turtle. The eggs are covered and left to hatch alone.



Turtle swimming.



Newly hatched Turtles. The shells or carapace still show the fold in the middle.



Mrs. Carnegie beginning her beauty treatment—"I apply Cold Cream over face and neck. Sinking deep into the pores it floats out all grime—wipe away with these *softer Tissues*."

"Saturating a pad of cotton with Skin Freshener I pat, pat, pat till my skin glows—this refines the pores, tones and firms and also brings up one's natural color."

"Always before I powder, I smooth a dainty film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, for evening. This both protects my skin and holds the powder."

"I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP MY SKIN LOVELY AT HOME..."

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

Young society favorite shows how she gives herself her Home Beauty Treatment

Young Mrs. Carnegie is blessed with that clear pale skin usually possessed by only the Parisienne.

"WHAT do I do for it—why that's very simple," says Mrs. Carnegie. "I have found the perfect way to keep my skin lovely at home. I had to, for you see I love to spend the winter on our island off the coast of Georgia where there are no shops.

"What I do is—but wouldn't you actually like to see me do it?

"First, thorough *cleansing*—I always have a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream. There's nothing like it for cleansing and it's so rich it keeps the skin soft and supple, too. You see how the cream melts almost instantly—now I wait a few minutes to let the fine oils float every speck of dust and dirt out of the pores. Then I wipe it all away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—I like them best because they're so much *softer* and *more absorbent*.

"Now my skin is absolutely clean and ready for the second step—*stimulating*. You have to stimulate the skin if you want it to stay young looking. Wet a pad of cotton with

Pond's Skin Freshener, and pat, pat, pat like this till the skin glows.

"The next step is to *protect* the skin—to keep it smooth and fine. Smoothing on Pond's Vanishing Cream takes just a second. I'm devoted to it because it doesn't dry the skin. Now I'm all ready for powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a marvelous powder foundation.

"Isn't that a simple home treatment? And it works. I do it every day and always after exposure.

"*At bedtime*, there's a special step. After cleansing with Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the rich Cold Cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin. You know, scientifically, the skin does need just four things to keep it lovely—cleansing, stimulating, lubricating, protecting. And my Pond's method supplies every one."

FOR 25 years in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond's has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond's Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

Tune in on Pond's every Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra, W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKOLAS MURRAY

MRS. CARNEGIE . . . after her home beauty treatment . . . her starched chiffon frock from Mary Walls

Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

By JEROME CARVER

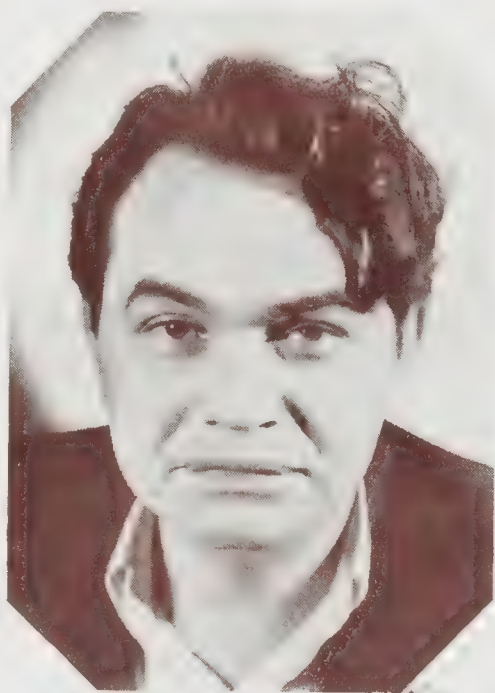
"RESERVED FOR LADIES"
A LIGHT, romantic story, deftly directed and superlatively well acted, "Reserved for Ladies" should make a very strong appeal to Canadian audiences. It is a British picture—the very best one to come to us from "The Old Country," surpassing even the several very excellent British films shown us during this last Spring.

It was directed by Alexander Korda, the Hungarian who has made several films in Hollywood during the last three years. Ernst Vajda, the Hungarian playwright, is responsible for the story which was filmed originally about five years ago, with Adolphe Menjou in the role now played by Leslie Howard. The hero of "Reserved for Ladies" is Max, a very clever and charming headwaiter, employed in one of Europe's most fashionable hotels. Max falls in love with a lovely girl, an heiress, and follows her about the country. In the Tyrol he is hailed in friendly fashion by a king whose dinner menus he has often supervised. Max explains to the king that he, like the king, is travelling incognito and that he does not want the girl he has followed to know that he is a headwaiter. The king invites him to sit at his table in the hotel and all the guests are curious to know just who this very personable young man is. The girl falls in love with him, believing he is royalty in disguise. She is worried over the wide social gulf between herself and Max. He, thinking of his real position, admits the gulf is a wide one. "But who cares about social differences in the twentieth century, anyway? Nobody but fools!" Max answers.

When Sylvia discovers Max to be a headwaiter, however, she is furious, and she tries in every way to humiliate him. Each time his behavior wins him the approval of Sylvia's friends and family, and eventually Sylvia realizes that he is her ideal and insists on marrying him.

George Grossmith is very amusing as the King of some imaginary country. Elizabeth Allan is lovely

and clever as Sylvia. The star, of course, is Leslie Howard, as the charming, suave and witty Max. I am a great admirer of Mr. Howard and I am glad that he has at last got a picture role that allows him to display his talents. He has appeared in several pictures, including "Outward Bound," "A Free Soul," "Five and Ten," and "Devotion," but none of them has been worth his while and in recent years the stage in London and New York has claimed his best work. I saw him in London three years ago in the charming "Berkeley Square," and he has since played in "Candle Light" and in Philip Barry's latest play, "The Animal Kingdom," which, by the way, he



Edward G. Robinson in
"Two Seconds"



Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez in "Is My Face Red?"

is soon to do for the screen. In "Reserved for Ladies," Mr. Howard has his first really good screen role and his playing of it will leave audiences crying eagerly for more. By all means see "Reserved for Ladies."

"WESTWARD PASSAGE"

MARGARET AYER BARNES' widely read novel "Westward Passage" is now to be seen on the screen with Ann Harding in the leading role.

Miss Harding, appealing in her blonde Madonna-like beauty, has been very hampered for some time by the parts which she has been assigned. Apparently she has been pigeon-holed by Hollywood as a "type," and when she appeared on the screen she was either sweet, suffering and deeply wronged, or merely sweet in wishy-washy stories. Her recent "amicable" divorce, so thoroughly publicized, may have served to revive some of the fan interest in her, but what she really needs is a good story. "Westward Passage," despite the popularity of the novel, does not altogether meet this requirement. The film is nicely set and directed, but as a whole it may seem rather slow and flat to the average fan. There are several well-played sequences marked by good acting from Miss Harding and Irving Pichel, but the story, as filmed, is not quite strong enough to take a real hold on one's interest.

"WEEK-END MARRIAGE"

"CAN a woman have marriage and a career?" The girls never seem to tire of discussing that question, pondering it, chewing it over and over. Answers to the question form the themes of many novels, among them Faith Baldwin's "Part-Time Wives," upon which this new picture "Week-end Marriage" is based. Apparently Miss Baldwin has gained her wide popularity by spinning her story plots on common current problems. She writes them brightly and adds a dash of spice for good measure. Concocted according to this recipe, "Part-Time Wives" was a readable but undistinguished novel and so is the film adapted from it. The old theme is not handled in any new or unusual way and the plot is by no means gripping. The redeeming feature of the picture is the excellent acting of Loretta Young and Norman Foster (as the young couple) and Aline MacMahon.

"IS MY FACE RED?"

WE HAVE lately had a cycle of pictures about doctors. Then the lawyers were taken up in a big, not to say wholesale, way by Hollywood. And now the camera eye has turned to columnists, and the first of a group of columnist stories now on their way to picture-goers is called "Is My Face Red?"

It appears that columnists of the Don Marquis or Heywood Brown type [Continued on page 45]



Ann Harding, Irving Pichel and Lawrence Olivier in "Westward Passage"



Elizabeth Allen and Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies"

Radically new

most important improvement in sanitary protection

since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new

Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(Can. Pat. applied for)

Re-designed to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting the gown, how filmy the silks you wear.

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. You are scarcely aware that you have it on. Made, of course, by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because the ends are so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest fitting of gowns. Not the slightest bulk is suggested even under the filmiest of summer silks.

Remember how often an evening has been spoiled because of your discomfort? Self-consciousness? That feeling of a supposedly smooth-fitting frock marred by revealing outlines! That's unnecessary now! The new PHANTOM KOTEX sanitary napkins fit smoothly, perfectly, inconspicuously.

Months of research... thousands of practical tests participated in by more than 600 women... led to this new design. Fashion authorities acclaim it. Now more than ever... it will pay you to buy genuine Kotex.

Kotex features retained

The special Kotex features you have always appreciated are retained, of course.

It is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily.

Millions of pads are used each year in hospitals alone.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX today. Try it. That's the only way you can realize what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it already wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex" now—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Another important thing is that this new Kotex improvement comes to you at no increase in price. PHANTOM KOTEX is for sale at all dealers. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

★ The new Kotex is called PHANTOM* KOTEX

because—you scarcely
realize you are
wearing it!

No revealing outlines—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

Greater security—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

Lastingly soft—disposable—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

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NOTE! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.



To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—several hundred thousand young Canadian girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—several hundred thousand Canadian mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness... what heart-breaking experience!

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Preparing for Womanhood."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely... in simple, understandable form.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Moyra Monk, R.N.,
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Please send me in plain envelope—

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3 FREE samples of Phantom Kotex ☐
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① Note scientifically proportioned nose. Heat in this area is automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the nose cool enough to prevent overheating and pre-ignition.

② Note the scientifically proportioned neck. Heat in this area is likewise automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the neck hot enough to prevent carbon and oily deposits that bring about fouling.

ENABLES YOU TO SCALE NEW PERFORMANCE HEIGHTS

The new Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs top with ease all of the obstacles common to ordinary spark plugs.

The unique features which made this possible have created intense interest in engineering circles. To the motorist, whose only interest in spark plugs is in terms of engine performance, the kind of service and quality of performance the extra range Champions induce, need only to be experienced to be recognized as revolutionary.

Extra power, extra speed, extra acceleration are all

achieved, together with easier starting and the dependability which is universally and inseparably linked with the name Champion.

In extremes of service these new Champions prove their mettle. Put them to the test with sustained high speeds, long idling, or climbing some familiar hill or garage ramp in high. Note the increased gasoline mileage, easier starting and faster acceleration. Install a full set in your car now and feel the difference . . . Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

INCENTIVE

Continued from page 17

Tragedy was printed, heavy, on the poor kid's map.

"Hm!" I grunted, looking stern to hide my real feelings. Blake was the Shamrock's goalie, and a good ten years older than the girl. "What you going to do?"

"What can I do?" he said hopelessly. "Guess I'll pull out—go North, or something . . ."

"What about the game?" I yelped. "Irish might need you—hey?"

"T'heh with the Irish!" he growled.

"Listen, son," I came back, "don't! Girls are all the same—they either string with you, or they throw you down! What's the difference—hey? Ain't no skirt worth running away from a good job for! And—stay with the Irish, son—if only just to show her and her Dad you don't give a dang, see?"

"Bu-but I do, Bob!" he groaned. "Don't let 'em know it, lad," I grated. "Stiddy up!"

He gave me one look—like a dying rabbit—then beat it. I felt mighty bad about it. I knew darn well that last was his good-bye—and, while I'd do anything to help that kid, it looked like this was one time I was bang up against a blind alley.

I SAW a lot of games—back in the days of Fort Garry Park, when we took our lacrosse seriously—but that final playoff came mighty close to being a bit more exciting and blood-pulsing than any, I mean!

Ed gave his Irish a tongue-lashing fit for the book before his colts went out into the sunshine. It took the slump clean out of 'em—they travelled at such a dizzy clip for two periods that the Mintos were swept right from the picture. Mintos' goalie puts up a whale of a game in the nets, though—single-handed he kept the score to two goals, when it should have been about a dozen for the Irish.

I'd clean forgotten all about Dave Tobin in the excitement of those two hectic periods—the snappy Irish plays kept me close to the box, scribbling hard. But I dropped into the Shamrock rooms, at halftime, and saw old pessimistic Ed sporting a real grin all over his homely map.

"She's ours, Bob!" he yelped, soon as he spotted me. "My boys is on, today—we'll take them Mintos, easy!"

"Looks that way," I said. Then suddenly I caught sight of young Dave Tobin, crouched back in a corner, glaring bloody murder at Steve Blake. Blake was grinning with delight, and not even noticing the kid.

"Listen, Ed," I says, "young Tobin, now—why not give him a show? You may need that speed of his, if you go East—aren't you going to shove him in this game at all, Ed?"

Regan grinned, then squinted at me. "You 'member what I tells you 'bout runnin' a sports' sheet?" he says, "well, I ain't changed my mind, see—an' I'm still runnin' this team! All's I'm worryin' about, now, is 'at tramp of a goal-keeper . . ." To my surprise, he suddenly stopped, and glared at Steve Blake.

The whistle tooted. As I went back to the box, I stared all over for a sight of Mavis Regan. I was more puzzled than ever when I failed to see her anywhere in that yelping crowd.

ED NEEDED to worry about his goal-keeper, I mean! Also—why they ever let lacrosse die down is more than I can figure—it's a he-man's game—full of thrills! We got one, just then—

Minto trooped out for that third period like a bunch of colts just turned loose for a morning workout; they hemmed the Irish in from the start—shot every brand of shoots ever invented, and some besides, at the Shamrock goal—and trotted off at the end of the spasm on the long end of a six-two score. Counting that up in round numbers means the Mintos scored six goals in that period, and held the fading Irish to a shutout!

Heh—just for deviltry I tramped over to the Irish room. The band, up in the stands, was playing; the crowd roaring; red flags and Minto streamers were flying everywhere. There was just one small section of the crowd which had pep and hope enough left to warble the Irish war-song, "*My Wild Irish Rose*," pretty feeble and squeaky it sounded in that howling mob of Minto rooters! No matter what a team's record is, it always seems a crowd likes to see an under-dog climb up on top!

It was a pathetic-looking scene in the Shamrock room. Heh—old Regan was speechless; he just stood staring—staring hard and fierce at Steve Blake. I was kind of sorry for that Blake feller—he was slumped in a seat looking like the rear-end of hard times; all his perky grin was gone—leaving him glum. But, he was no gloomier than the rest, I mean! If that little band of warblers up in the stands could see the boys, now, they'd sure be thinking the "*Wild Irish Rose*" was in worse shape than the last rose of summer! It got my goat. I choked a bit—then stepped across to old Ed Regan and put an arm on his shoulder.

"Listen, old-timer," I said, "you're not trimmed, yet! Slip young Tobin in at 'em this period, it's your . . ."

I ducked back at the look he gave me. Whew!—the old boy was mad, I mean! Just looked at me and never said a word.

I was hoping Ed would at least switch his lineup. He had nothing to lose, anyway, now. But when the Irish came trooping out, grim and subdued-looking, the team was unchanged.

"Okeh!" I muttered. "One outfit's as good as another, s'far's I'm concerned—throw the game away, old-timer!" I muttered this to myself, back in the box, where I was sitting with pencil all sharpened to cover another flock of Minto scores.

Still, Ed must have done some talking to his players after I left the room. Anyway, the Irish staged a battling comeback, and pulled down the Minto lead by a couple. Then they faded again—and it was Mintos all the way. Not a single peep came now from the "*Wild Irish Roses*" in the stands; as the period closed in it looked all odds on a win for the Reds. Those singers must have all faded, too.

Then there came a sudden flurry in centre-field. Little rough checking—tempers flared—and in a second several players piled up in a heap. When they got them unscrambled, one green-shirt was left lying. They carried him off. As the party trooped past the box, I saw it was Ed's defence-field star. It was the old boy's move, now—and, knowing he'd got his mind fixed on not letting young Tobin into this game, for some reason, I couldn't see how he was going to edge out of this jam!

I glanced toward the Irish room. Old Ed was parked at the window—and from that distance, even, I could see his grim old face working and twitching like he was in pain and suffering a lot. [Cont'd on page 25]

INCENTIVE

Continued from page 24

Then I got a real thrill. The husky form of Dave Tobin appeared in the doorway—and I saw he was pulling on his white skull-cap. Going in!

Dave passed the box as he trotted out to the field—and I got another kick as I saw his grim-set face.

YEAH—I told all about it in the paper. Gave a detailed story of how that kid stepped into the game and with his fresh, untapped speed, ran the Mintos ragged. How he grabbed a loose ball at centre-field, galloped through and snapped a pass to the Irish inside-home, who whipped it into the net. How, next minute, he stopped a Minto rush back in Green territory, and left the whole crew flat-footed by a swerving sprint that ended in him crashing the ball past the Minto goalie for the tying score. And, finally, how he leaped high, speared a pass, and galloped through again; point, cover, and a couple of extra men, milled in the Minto goal area, covering Irish homes and centre, who were in there jockeying for his pass—only to see him pull a real bit of heady lacrosse by swerving past them all and planting the ball in the meshes for the winning counter. Heh—I even worked in a bit giving old Ed Regan credit for being the foxiest coach in the country for holding this kid back and then shooting him in at the tiring Mintos so as to get the most out of his speed! Old Ed took it as gospel, too—and bought me smokes on the story! It was a swell story—best I ever printed on my sports' page since the old stars mingled at Fort Garry Park—and I got reasons to know the fans gobbled it up.

But—the best part of that game was after it finished—and that bit never figured in my write-up! Here it is—exclusive:

At the final toot of the whistle, I leaped out of the box and elbowed

across and into the milling crowd which was already flowing onto the field and carrying shoulder-high any grinning Irish player they could grab hold of. I was looking for Dave Tobin.

That modest boy had slipped out of the crowd—he was back on the outskirts of the mob, waiting for them to move on so he could break for the rubbing-bench. His face was still grim-set and long. It didn't change a bit even when he saw me coming.

"Great, son—great work!" I hollered, grabbing his hand and slapping his back. He winced—yeah—drew away from me!

"Listen to that crowd holler your name," I yelped, "isn't that great med'cine, lad?"

"Hell!" he muttered. "She's ditched me!"

My old pumper took a flop. I grabbed his arm, and got him started toward the room.

Suddenly I was shoved violently aside—there was a stifled scream—and then this Mavis filly was leaping up and flinging her arms 'round the startled Dave's neck, and kissing him.

The surprise and excitement died down a bit—so I stepped forward. The kid was standing back, staring like he's gone goofy.

"Bu-but," he stammered, "I-I don't underst . . . Steve?"

She was all smiles and blushes. "Oh, that," she chirped, "why that was just a little joke that Mr. Blake and I played—we wanted to see if you really *could* be stirred up enough to play your best!"

When I saw Dave's broad back disappearing through the Irish door, his head held high like it used to be, I turned away, grinning.

"Heh," I muttered, "that's once I got fooled in a couple of humans, anyway!"

FALSE FINGERS

Continued from page 9

You had a sitting with Miss Verrall here yesterday afternoon?"

"I did. She came at four. I was trying to get that bust completed. Somebody had broken into my studio and messed-up my work. I guessed who did it, but—"

"Miss Verrall came at four, did she? What time did she leave?"

"At five exactly, because she could give me just an hour. I stayed here a half-hour longer, cleaning up, and then went home to my apartment."

"Yep." The Inspector was chewing his moustache. "How d'you spend the evening?"

"I went out to dinner at a little restaurant near my apartment house. I called at Miss Verrall's apartment a little after eight, to take her to the theatre by appointment. I waited nearly an hour, but she didn't turn up. The maid said she had gone out. So I went home to bed."

"Any reason in your mind why Miss Verrall didn't keep that appointment with you?"

"We'd had a disagreement that afternoon—"

"Here?"

"Yes, here, and once or twice before about the same thing. She had been seeing Mr. Whiting, and I had—"

"Inspector!" Whiting's voice was a scream of rage.

"Just one moment, Mr. Whiting. Now, Mr. Hardy, I won't trouble you much longer. You objected to her approaching marriage with Mr. Whiting, I believe, and had been urging Miss Verrall to marry you instead?"

"Good God!" yelled Hardy, "why, I had objected to her seeing the fellow at all. We were engaged; we were to have been married in about six weeks' time."

Whiting's laugh contained as much contempt as fury. "Inspector—" he began. "Inspector, just inquire what relations existed between this lady and myself. Ask anyone, and you'll learn that our differences had been composed. Miss Verrall only agreed to see this man at all because she was anxious to have her bust done by him. He was persecuting her with his attentions. We were to have been married next month."

"He's lying!" Hardy screamed, struggling in Jaubert's grasp, which now held him like a refractory child.

"Easy, now!" said Jaubert. "It's no use, Mr. Hardy. Your finger and thumb-prints are on the handle of that scraper that the murder was committed with. Better come through with a clean confession. Meanwhile you're under arrest for the murder of Miss Esme Verrall!"

(To be Concluded Next Month)

"BUSYBODY"



greasy, grimy dirt and wash it away. They do it easily, without hard rubbing. And that, of course, means less wear-and-tear on clothes.

Your hands will welcome Fels-Naptha, too. For Fels-Naptha works so quickly that it gets them out of water sooner. Furthermore, every big golden bar contains soothing glycerine. And glycerine, you know, is an important part of many hand-lotions.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha. Try it first for the family wash—in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; for soaking or boiling. Then use it throughout the house. The brighter cleanliness of your home—the more fragrant, airy freshness of your clothes—these will tell you that Fels-Naptha is indeed a helpful busybody!

YES, there's a busybody for you—Fels-Naptha! A willing, cheerful busybody that pitches in and lightens every soap-and-water task. For wherever there's dirt, Fels-Naptha gives extra help in getting rid of it.

Bright and early Monday morning, it's swishing in the wash-tub—tackling the biggest job of all—the family wash. Then all week through, it's on the go—brightening windows, making dishes sparkle, freshening woodwork, making the bathroom shine!

Fels-Naptha gives this brisk extra help because it is more than "just soap." It is good soap—unusually good, golden soap—combined with plenty of naphtha. Working together, these two cleaners safely loosen even



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH

THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE

WITH EVERY PACKAGE OF

MODESS

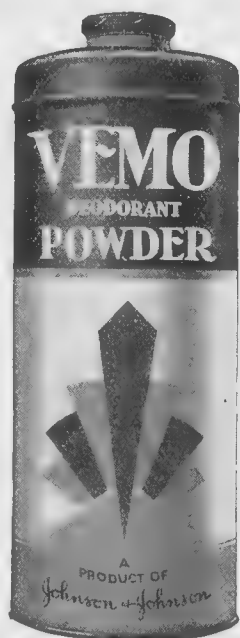


THIS TIN OF
VEMO
THE DAINTY
DEODORANT

VEMO worth - 25c

MODESS worth - 40c

TOTAL VALUE - 65c



FOR **39c**

FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

At all Drug, Drygoods and
Departmental Stores

PRODUCTS OF

Johnson & Johnson Limited
MONTREAL CANADA

CINDERELLA—MEET THE PRINCE

Continued from page 15

him a moment's nervousness. No building should be so high. But he did not realize its height until he was out on the balcony. It was windy. He buttoned his coat and held his hat in his hand. He hoped the building was safe. Tiptoeing to the edge he peered down on skyscrapers thirty stories tall. What would his dad say to that? Or his young nephew when he told him that the elevated trains looked smaller than his toy ones from Santy?

Though not sure that he enjoyed it, he would not have missed the experience for worlds. This was the dizzy heights of the movies which made one's hair stand on end. Probably his was, for at the most critical stage of his discomfort he heard an Englishwoman near him say to the man with her, "You know, deah, they say in a strong wind this towah wavaahs; wouldn't it be jolly if it did now, a bit?"

Laughing, Alvin turned abruptly away. Jolly! something to tell one's grandchildren — if there was not enough wavering to preclude grandchildren. Now he liked it; loved it. It was another thrill. Down below him, laid out before his eyes, was the real map of New York. The Hudson River, East River, bridges, boats, and, when the mist lifted a little, the Statue of Liberty guiding mariners to the Land of the Free. He was near Heaven. He wanted to hang his hat on the thin crescent of pale new moon over his left shoulder. Why wish now for little Grey-eyes? Why care that he had no one to talk to? He could talk when he got home. And how!

He ate at a nearby Child's, marveling at the food; went to a musical comedy—not a girl in it to compare with his maid of the morning; and bubbled all over the twelve-page letter to his mother before reluctantly deciding it was time to retire. "Homesick," had they said? Pooh!

FIRST-NIGHT dreams in a place bound to come true? He dreamed about The Girl, sitting across from him eating pie and listening round-eyed to his line. He hated to waken; clung tenaciously to the last shreds of the dream. But he was out of the apartment before the night porter had gone off duty, and did the Metropolitan Museum at a break-neck speed except for the musical instruments where he could have spent a week. From there a Fifth Avenue bus took him downtown. Were all the buildings apartments? Where did the millionaires live? He had lunch with music in a hotel where, his letter said, a glass of water and a look at the menu cost a dollar. In the afternoon he visited the Library, spending hours over the J. P. Morgan collection of manuscripts, and mailed the catalogue to his mother for her reading club. "You're right, Mom; travel sure broadens one." But by six o'clock he was wishing for someone to eat with. Luckily he stumbled on a basement place where the waitress was not too busy to exchange a few words. The food was fair but she was all dated up. He went to a show, and sat next a fat Scandinavian who dug her elbow into his ribs at every joke.

FOR three days he immersed himself in business: radio exhibits, broadcasting stations, etc. Saturday, he chased himself about department stores. Some of the shop windows almost made him blush. When it came to buying the dress for Janet Ann, he had to say, "Eeny-meeny," so many there were. He bought his

mother's gift in Brentano's, spent an hour absorbing the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Little Church around the Corner, and loitered up and down the Avenue looking eagerly for a familiar face. How he could have enjoyed himself with someone to whom he could talk. The Deanes were highly social animals, he decided. After dinner he went to a "talkie," and arrived back at his room to find a letter from Clint. "Henrietta is in a state of suppressed excitement. Bert Peebles is giving her an awful rush. She says if other people can get a vacation from this dead dump, so can she; so expect her any day. You'll likely be returning with a bride, old top, but a native product. I guess Henrietta wouldn't take chances on your busting."

In the morning he attended church. The service was impressive, the music good enough for opera, exalting him. The exaltation wore off towards one o'clock when he had to eat alone and think of his parents sitting down to roast chicken with dressing, quince jelly, baked potatoes, and apple pie. All of these were on the bill at the Mellow Moon. But they did not taste the same. New York never saw apple pie like his mother's. He concocted witty speeches, in the event of running into Grey-eyes again. How was it he had not? He wished to Heaven that he might, Sunday an awfully long day. New York would be swell for two. Even Henrietta—. He would relish her enthusiasms for a change. Should he wire her to come? He felt almost panicky at the thought of losing her to Peebles.

That evening he wrote his mother the briefest sort of note. He'd been to see Grant's Tomb. He would tell her about it when he got home. He signed himself, "Yours in haste, Al," though he had never been called that. He dare not risk a long letter; she could read between the lines. Twenty-five, and homesick as a kid. He knew now what the magazines meant by the luxury of tears, a luxury in which he could not afford to indulge. Millions of people within hail! Solid rows of apartment houses along this street and across the park! Yet not a soul who cared. He had never heard of a taciturn landlady before. Oh, God! Only six days gone . . .

HE PUT in the next week with Bronx Park Zoo, Greenwich Village, Coney Island, its boardwalk not deserted even in January, Natural History Museum, an art exhibit, and riding on the bus. He went to movies, talkies, drama and opera. He ate at the Sign of the Green Lantern, Ye Old Barn Inn, cafeterias and automats. Finally it was noon of the last day.

THE last day! He dropped into a seat at the only vacant table in a Sea Food Palace. Tomorrow at this time he'd be at home eating the fatted calf, everyone talking forty to the dozen. His dad had written that business was fine. "Stay another week," he had said, enclosing a generous money order. Stay, he thought as he tackled his oysters. No, sirree! He was a man of his word. He had said Tuesday, and he meant Tuesday. He wasn't one of the kind who said, "If business interferes with pleasure, let business go." No, sirree! And he had a lot of new advertising stunts he was anxious to try out.

There was almost a sparkle in his eyes at the thought of some of them. Perhaps he smiled when a striking-looking girl hesitated at his table, a large young woman with great dark

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CINDERELLA—MEET THE PRINCE

Continued from page 26

eyes and a complexion—save the surface and you save all. Before he quite realized it she was sitting across from him telling the story of her life. Her husband was a handsome automobile salesman but not domestic. She was divorcing him. Her "friend" had given her an aquamarine ring but no understanding.

"Reach for a Lucky," he said, holding his case to her.

"Thanks," she said. "I learned in my crib." To prove it she gave him a demonstration: smoke rings, everything except make it come out of her ears. She grinned, "I'll do that for you sometime too." Rhoda—he called her that to himself, wondering why Rhoda—would knock Deansville's eye out. If he wished, she said, he could meet her at eight-thirty at the hotel where she was switchboard operator.

He did not wish. Tawdry, he thought as he turned into the courtyard of his apartment house; as unlike the Miss Grey-eyes he must have dreamed as anyone could be. Yet it might be better than packing, and feeling miserable. He and Rhoda could take in a show, talk between the acts instead of reading the program "ads;" have supper after—she would know the place to see New York night life; be a regular devil for once. He might as well. He'd be a long time back in Deansville. And thank Heaven for that. Distance had lent enchantment even to Henrietta. As for his mother's apple pie—! He would pack, then decide about Rhoda.

At that, an object hurtled through the air before him, bouncing on the tiled walk. A slipper. A frivolous black satin slipper with a scarlet heel. He turned it over and over in his hand, a faint odor of perfume, and a stronger whiff of cleansing fluid. He looked up at the blank windows, fancying a movement of the curtains in the one across from his. He would give the slipper to one of the hall boys. But there was only the switchboard operator and he was busy. He stepped into the elevator.

It had been the window across from his for there was the mate. Ostentatiously he put the slipper he had out on his ledge. Nothing happened. He began to pack. Having no appetite, he was not going to eat. Not for a while at any rate. The slipper, not small but narrow, suggested a pretty foot. It raised his spirits somewhat. Perhaps he should return it. Its owner might be going out. As he gave his hair a final polish he wondered what she was like. No one in Deansville wore slippers of that sort. How they would stare! And Henrietta, darn her, would have a pair as soon as a mail order could be filled.

Getting the number of the opposite suite from the switchboard operator he navigated the maze of corridors, trembling as he rang the bell. It was answered by a girl with a smoking cigarette between her fingers.

"Did this drop from your window?" he asked brightly.

She studied it without offering to take it. Blasé. Was she accustomed to having young men—presentable young men—come to her door with stray slippers?

"It may have," in a bored tone. "There are four of us. Bring it in and show it to the others."

Bring it in! His master's voice! Fancy not knowing if a slipper with a scarlet heel belonged to one of the girls with whom she lived. New Yorkers! Immersed in themselves as if they were God's elect. He had a notion to let the four of them scramble for the slipper. But he followed her

along the narrow hall past a kitchen from which came delectable smells.

Four? There were only three. Two were seated on the piano bench facing him in amusement. One was all fluffy marcel and prominent blue eyes, the other a typical Bohemian of the magazines, thin and swarthy, the kind of skin you'd love to touch up, her hair cut like a man's. Gwen and Jerry respectively, his escort said by way of introduction before asking if either of them owned the slipper.

"Isn't it your own, Elizabeth?" asked Jerry.

"Cinderella's slipper," said Gwen coquettishly. "Try it on."

"The boiling water test," he laughed, kneeling.

He was in his element. Could he talk? And how! He kidded them along. He had not been in a room in New York with so many fair damsels before, he protested. Sure, he meant it. If it weren't that he was leaving the city in the morning, he'd call again and say it with flowers. All this time he was trying the slipper on, pitying two because only one could win. It fitted all three, a bit snug on Gwen's foot at which she pouted. But none of them could produce the mate.

"Another gnash," he said ruefully, brushing his knees as he rose.

"It must be Kay's," said Jerry. "She's in the kitchen. It's her week to cook dinner."

"The kitchen's her proper place," he grinned, marching out, calling confidently as he opened the kitchen door, "Cinderella, meet the prince!"

Miss Grey-eyes! There she was, more beautiful than before, her face flushed from the heat of the stove, or the reflection from her chintz apron. Seeing her he became absolutely tongue-tied. Not a stammer out of him. He even dropped the slipper, almost bumping her head in an effort to retrieve it.

She chattered, for which he was grateful. He did not feel like talking. It was enough to stand there enjoying her blithe voice, the smell of good food. Hungry! Could a person be so hungry? The pie on the table equalled any of his mother's. The edge of the crust curled with a flourish. The chicken in the pan on the oven door, the jelly in a glass dish—quince, by heck!

"You'll stay for dinner," she said impulsively. "It's Elizabeth's week to set the table. I'll tell her. Oh, you must stay! We'll all be glad to have you. You're the only young man we've had in this apartment, except for a detective the time a burglar climbed up our dumb waiter and stole Gen's ring."

"Kay, have you been under the same roof with me for two weeks?"

AT THE table, he found his tongue. The dinner was good. But he kept up a steady patter, giving them his best line. Gee, a great little quartette, Kay the best of the lot in the listening capacity, smiling as if she understood the advertising methods he was going to put into practice when he got home. It was a treat to have such a listener. A twinkle in her eyes, a flush in her cheeks, as though guilty of something more than merely possessing a dimple which had stolen his heart. And she could talk. She was not dumb. When she opened her mouth it was not just to put food into it.

Sacrilege, to cut that pie. Jerry committed it without a quiver. Some pastry! It would make his mother sit up and take notice. There had

[Continued on page 28]

Breakfast has a new surprise...

"twice-crisped" Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice



Now these richly nourishing* grain foods have been made twice as crisp—twice as crisp

COOL! CRISP! Delightfully fresh and crunchy! Quaker Puffed Grains have always been the ideal hot weather cereal.

And now they've been made twice as crisp—twice as good as ever before. By a special "twice-crisping" process, that crisps them once—then again. Then seals them piping-hot, into the new Seal-Krisp package.

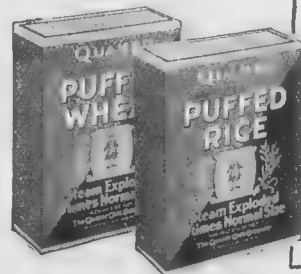
You'll notice the difference with your first spoonful. No other cereal enjoys this "twice-crisping" process. No other cereal brings you Nature's finest grain foods, puffed to complete

digestibility. This ease of digestibility is vitally important. It means you get increased food values from Puffed Grains... increased *nourishment*.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is made from the whole wheat grain. It is rich in body building values. Wholesome. Nourishing.

Quaker Puffed Rice is plump, creamy rice grains crisped to delectability. Packed full of energy for children to play on.

Make summer breakfasts gay. Make them tempting. Serve the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice!



*Amazingly rich in nourishment

In spite of their crisp daintiness, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are amazingly rich in nourishment. A generous dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, with milk or cream and sugar, is greater in energy value than 4 or 5 slices of bacon, a baked potato, or a lamb chop. Serve Puffed Grains for breakfast, lunch or supper... whenever you want substantial nourishment at an economical price.

Made in Canada by THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

'Only ATHLETE'S FOOT' she had said...but she spent her vacation in bed



IT STARTED with only a slight itching between the toes. And although she admitted then that it was "Athlete's Foot," she dismissed it as not being serious.

But soon the skin between her toes turned red, raw; turned white, cracked open—resulting in soreness so painful as to make her limp.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And if neglect continues, graver perils may follow, as in this young lady's case. With her blood stream exposed by open skin-cracks, another infection called erysipelas attacked, and sent her to bed for a month.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" make you pay the piper for neglect

With this highly infectious *tinea trichophyton* germ, which causes "Athlete's Foot," bringing serious trouble to numberless people every year, can you afford to disregard even the slightest symptom*?

And the fact is, it may attack you any time, anywhere, for the startling reason that it *lurks almost everywhere*. It lurks by the billions on shower bath, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

But do not stop applying Absorbine Jr. when the infection clears up. *Keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is persistent and keeps coming back after exposures of bare feet to damp, infected surfaces.

Don't YOU take chances; go to your druggist at once for a bottle of Absorbine Jr., \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

CINDERELLA—MEET THE PRINCE

Continued from page 27

been a Mrs. Cardiff once in Deanesville: that her pies had been declared a shade better than Mrs. Deane's still rankled. Of course his mother was getting older; she might not mind if Mrs. Alvin Deane's cooking . . . As if a girl like Kay, a city girl at that, would ever look at a hick like him. He passed his plate absently when she insisted that he have the remaining piece.

"Four out of five now lose," he grinned, coming to. "Who taught you to make pie like that, Kay?"

"My mother," she smiled. "She was considered one of the two best cooks in the town she came from."

"You've improved on her. You should be a chef."

"Instead of a dietitian?" she laughed.

She began to tell him of their coming to the city eight years ago when her stepfather died, but Gwen interrupted.

"If you two talk much more, we'll be late for the lecture."

"I'm not going," said Kay. "I'll do the dishes."

"I'll wipe," volunteered Alvin. "I'm the best little dishwasher in the thriving town of Deanesville."

"Deanesville!" shouted Jerry and Gwen together.

"Kay Cardiff!" cried Elizabeth accusingly. "You little fraud! Girls, we've been had. And how! Our demure little Kay."

THE plain little Cardiff girl. Heavens! Where were peoples eyes? Plain? Plain adorable . . . He could hardly take his eyes from her as she moved about clearing the dinner away, the other girls preparing to leave. But not till they had gone did she come and stand beside him at the window, almost defiant in her explanations. If he had been brought up in a friendly place such as Deanesville, then had come to a heartless place such as New York; if he had lost his remaining parent; if he had been a girl who liked a good time but could not enjoy herself with the only kind of men she had a chance to meet—Well, he would understand how she had felt when she read in the *Deanesville Weekly Recorder* at the Library that he was coming to New York on that Monday morning train. She had made up her mind to meet it, but at the last moment her nerve had failed her. Her stepfather's cousin, Hanley, had suggested a way to turn the trick.

"Sometimes, Alvin, a little girl has to be her own fairy godmother. Wands are out of fashion. Dropping a glove is passé. But dropping a slipper—Fairy godmother to myself," she said as impudently as she could.

"Fairy godmother to me, Kay," he was beginning, all set to say a lot, when the phone rang. It was for him! For him!

"The switchboard operator says a lady is asking for a Mr. Alvin Deane," Kay said, handing him the instrument.

Henrietta. It would be. His heart sank. Why, in Deanesville it would be regarded almost as if he had compromised her! He had not wired her or anything, of course; but Clint egging her on. He would wring Clint's neck when he got home.

"When did you get in?" trying to be cheerful. "What have you been doing? Why did you not let me know you were coming?"

"I got in this morning. I have been doing New York, beginning at the Little Church around the Corner, and—"

Heavens! Looking the ground over. How like a woman!

"—and I did not let you know because, well, Bert is with me, and two's company on one's wedding day."

Bert? Peebles. And what was she driving at? Had she actually married Peebles? Apparently.

"Fine!" he laughed. "Congratulate him, and then congratulate me. Let's get together and go some place for the evening; I'd like you and Bert," he looked straight at Kay as he proceeded, "to resume acquaintance with my fiancée . . . Who? . . . Tell you when we see you . . . Where'll that be? . . . The Shelton . . . O.K. In about an hour."

Kay had switched the living-room lights off, but through the window came a shaft of brilliance making a path from him to her. The path of least resistance, he thought. He would always follow it if it led to Kay. He followed it. His arm went about her waist as they stood looking out. Eighth Avenue's street cars; the misty outlines of the park; rows of apartment houses with their hit-and-miss oblongs of light. Homes. All at once New York was cosy if grand.

"So this is New York!" he laughed huskily. Both arms went about her as he drew her to him. Shyly she averted her face, pressing it into the lapel of his blue coat. With his fingers he raised the dimpled chin and held his lips near hers, saying in a masterful way before he actually dared to bridge the space, "Eventually, why not now?"

GIVE ME RAIN

By Verna Loveday Harden

Give me rain upon my spirit,
Kindly rain to heal its scars
And transmute its fever into
Cool tranquillity of stars.

Give me rain upon my spirit,
Drenching rain upon me pour,
Rain that comes with lightning flashes
And the thunder's deafening roar.

Give me rain upon my spirit—
Let the teeming torrents fall;
Wake the slumbering soul within me
To the beauty of it all.

Give me rain upon my spirit—
Though it beat me overmuch,
Though it crush me, I shall gather
Benediction from its touch!

ROADS

By Jean Mitchell Smith

Roads call and lure,
Roads dream and sleep,
Some curved, some straight—
Some dark and steep.

Some climb the hills
Right to the end.
Some turn and twist
As they descend.

Roads young and strong
Echo with zest.
Roads old and worn
Whimper for rest.

Mile after mile
Roads run their days—
How like our lives
Their several ways.

PRAIRIE TURTLES

Continued from page 20

sand is scraped in among the eggs, the top is packed and levelled and finally a covering of dead leaves, grass or rubbish is drawn over the spot until all trace of disturbance is hidden. The eggs are left to hatch alone, and how successful this plan is may be inferred from the number of these reptiles in some places. I have never been able to determine the length of the period of incubation but believe it is fairly long as the young hatch out complete turtles and there is no metamorphosis.

The tenacity of apparent life in cold-blooded creatures is proverbial, and in the case of turtles, remarkable! Perhaps "life" is hardly accurate, but is meant to indicate that not only a power of movement but also a sensitiveness to touch persists long after the obvious nerve centres are destroyed. For example, a sailor had some of his fingers bitten off by a large sea-turtle after all the interior of the shell had been taken out and only the head and feet remained attached! Wishing to get a handsome shell once, I cut off a turtle's head, supposing that it would die immediately. To my dismay the feet and tail continued moving for hours as though the reptile was swimming. To make matters worse, upon being touched they were instantly withdrawn into the cavities of the shell for a few seconds as though by a conscious effort. I have never tried to kill one since!

THE structure of turtles is most interesting, and a number of peculiarities are apparent upon even a superficial examination. For one thing the bones of the legs are all inside the capacious rib-cavity. You might almost say that turtles are all

chest! Another strange thing is that the plates of the bony part of the carapace do not exactly correspond with the more familiar covering plates. The inner or bony part of the carapace is composed of bony scutes made of the broadened plates of the flattened vertebrae and ribs combined with an ossified layer of skin. Above this is the layer of covering scales or plates colored to harmonize with the surroundings in which the creatures are usually found. One would naturally expect the two layers to resemble one another, but they are quite different.

From high banks I have watched turtles swimming along under the water on several occasions. They progressed easily and apparently lazily with a peculiar motion in which first one side and then the other were raised, suggesting a large leaf drifting, except that they were going against the current! It is rather surprising to find, by the way, that the word "turtle" originally meant a dove and that the changed meaning is due to a mistake. This, of course, explains the occasional odd references to "turtles" calling to one another *in the trees*!

Whatever they may be elsewhere, on the prairie turtles are harmless and interesting and form a link with a period when the earth was not the pleasant place we find it now. They show us another case where the development of an adequate means of protection enabled a primitive and inoffensive type to persist through the ages. They are calm, phlegmatic, easy going and, no doubt, will outlive many of the more emotional forms of life, so that if the world ever passes through some of the disturbances and upheavals that are predicted, perhaps they will be among the last living vertebrates.

MERCHANDISING DOGS

Continued from page 19

some advantages and a few disadvantages. For one thing the sentimental angle is pretty well eliminated. The breeder, should you be buying from him, is apt to fancy his pups and is more or less blind to their defects. The merchant is concerned only in making sales and doesn't do any blubbering over the sort of parents the pup is from or make inquiries as to the character of the home life you are able to offer.

The merchant, too, gives "service" with his goods, will guarantee against defects and exchange for something else if the pup, after trial, is not up to specifications or expectations. A dealer with a well-established business will give free attention in case of disease, practically for the lifetime of the dog, and will advise regarding feeding. All free, of course, for the dog merchant who charged for services in the treatment of sick dogs would very likely be brought promptly to book by the veterinary-surgeons' association on the charge of ministering to animals and charging for said services without holding due and proper license. Treating dogs in health and disease, and charging for it, is the exclusive right of the veterinary profession.

RAISING pups and wholesaling them to dog merchants is a fairly certain small-money side line for those who like dogs, and do not mind the trouble which raising ten or a dozen pups per year entails. Provided, too, that you have the sort of dog which the public may be relied upon to take in fairly steady volume. The average raiser, with other interests,

cannot very well change his breed every time the public fancy turns from one sort to another, but if he is raising a staple sort, as collie, shepherd, or fox terrier, he is in a field where fairly regular demand may be depended upon.

The reader who may fancy going into the merchandising end of the dog business should take stock of himself in certain particulars before definitely making the venture. First, the business is strictly limited as to the number of operators who may make a living out of it. Second one should ask himself and answer back honestly, as to how many of the eighty-seven breeds of dog recognized by the Canadian Kennel Club he could name if the lot were paraded before him, and what does he know of the fine points of the few he can name? Third, the value of the animals that pass through a merchant's hands in a year may vary from five dollars to several hundred dollars each. Could the prospective dog merchant with certainty tell the difference and get it? Fourth, is he a trader?

Anyone who can conform to these simple requirements might make money in the dog business. In Vancouver people will show you apartment blocks that have been built from returns had from raising and selling terriers, and point out retired dog men who are comfortably well off from what they made as dog dealers. Undoubtedly there is money in the dog business, but it would appear that one needs certain definite trading traits to get it.

EVERYWHERE WOMEN
SPREAD ITS FAME

Tired Out? You ought
to do your washing
with Oxydol



● Wise housewives know that most disappointments and extra work in washing clothes and dishes come from not having enough rich suds. Suds are the test of a washing soap.

Now comes a new soap discovery, which makes more suds—suds that do more work—than any soap you've ever used.

This amazing new soap is Oxydol.

Oxydol is supercharged (with pure rich soap) for 50% more suds—quicker, longer-lasting suds that do quicker and better work than any others.

Because of its greater sudsing power, Oxydol does more—lessens your share of the work.

Weak, old-type suds fail because they quickly fizzle away to watery thinness—causing gray, streaky washings.

When you buy soap ask yourself, "How much suds am I getting for my money?" For, remember, *it's really suds you are buying.*

Live, rich Oxydol suds never quit on the job—they stand up, keep working, until the last particle of dirt is routed. Weak, old-type suds fall back, sink lower and lower, causing the dirt to fall back also, and you are left washing in dirty suds-water.

Soaks clothes snowy white

Oxydol saves your strength because its live, rich, fast-working suds *soak clothes snowy white with no back-tiring rubbing.*

Everything you wash with Oxydol comes out whiter, daintier, sweeter-smelling and in less time.

Softens hard water

The minute you put dirty clothes or greasy

dishes into water you harden that water.

Oxydol makes all water soft.

In even the stubbornest hard water it gives 50% more rich, live suds.

Wonderful for dishes

Oxydol cleans dishes and glassware spotlessly—and lightning fast. You simply dip and rinse—and the dishes are done—gleaming bright. They dry without wiping, if you prefer, for Oxydol leaves no clinging film.

Easier on your hands

Try Oxydol once and you'll use it always. It leaves your hands so nice and smooth that you'll *know* it's the perfect soap for even your most dainty, delicate things.

Let Oxydol save your strength by lightening the hardest jobs in housekeeping—washing clothes and dishes. Its rich, amazing suds can do so much for you.

Ask your grocer today for the big-sized orange and blue package. Then you can face washday with a smile.

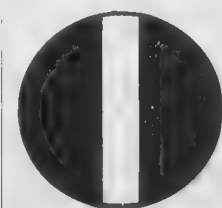
GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.



50%
MORE SUDS
MEANS
47%
LESS WORK

MADE IN
CANADA



OXYDOL
REG. TRADE MARK

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

50% MORE SUDS
—live, instant suds that outwash
and outlast all others—that's why
Oxydol cuts washday work, makes
dishwashing easier!

LET US HAVE MORE PROVINCES!

Continued from page 4

the rest of Eastern Ontario under the Kingston dominance. Although the present population is inadequate, I want to set up a Province with headquarters at North Bay for the whole area tributary to James Bay. That leaves, say, three Provinces for the populous part between Lakes Ontario and Huron, whose capitals may perhaps be placed at Toronto, London and Hamilton, although the claims of Windsor would have to be looked into.

In Manitoba, Brandon has never been happy and never will be happy under the dominance of Winnipeg. It won't have much population to be the capital of, but I don't know of any other city of its size in Canada which would more enjoy being a capital.

In Saskatchewan and Alberta, the erection of Saskatoon or Calgary into a capital would put an end to a state of unspeakable anguish in which the people of those cities have been plunged ever since the creation of the new Prairie Provinces, by the reflection that Regina or Edmonton is a capital city and Saskatoon and Calgary are not.

And in British Columbia it is perfectly evident that Vancouver Island must get its long-yearned-for independence (the inhabitants of Victoria already date their letters from "Victoria, V.I."), and must have the rest of the coast islands and probably the Prince Rupert territory added to it. On the basis of population, that is perhaps all that ought to be done about British Columbia; but on the basis of area and prospects I want to set up a new Province for the mountain region, with headquarters probably at Nelson.

WE HAVE thus divided up the existing Provinces as follows:

Prince Edward Island into.....	1
Nova Scotia into.....	2
New Brunswick into.....	2
Quebec into.....	5
Ontario into.....	6
Manitoba into.....	2
Saskatchewan into.....	2
British Columbia into.....	3

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And no harm would be done by making four or five other sub-divisions: Medicine Hat might be given a territory taken from both Alberta and Saskatchewan; a Peace River Province will eventually have to be erected north of Edmonton and including the British Columbia part of the valley as well as the Albertan; and central Ontario would certainly stand another cut or two. Say twenty-five to begin with and a possible future thirty including Newfoundland. The average population would be about 400,000; several Provinces would be very much larger than that (for I can't quite see us cutting Toronto or Montreal into two Provinces), but none need be anything like as small, either in territory or population, as the existing smallest Province, Prince Edward Island.

There would have to be some new government buildings, but at the present juncture most of these could be bought second hand from owners of properties which are not making money and are not likely to. The Canadian National Railways would, I am quite sure, be only too delighted to sell quite cheaply their not quite finished hotel in Saskatoon—much the most dignified structure in the place—and perhaps also the one in Vancouver; but there are three or four other good buildings in Vancouver which could be had for a song. Most of the new Provinces that I am

creating are already supplied with insane asylums and jails. A few lack universities, but perhaps some of the existing colleges in places where there are more than one, like Toronto, could be induced to move; and anyhow the lack of a university is not fatal to provincial autonomy.

BUT the most important result that I hope to procure from my proposal is a change in the relative proportions of Canadian interest in, and loyalty to, the Province and the Dominion—a change which will enable the Parliament at Ottawa to carry out the function assigned to it by the Fathers of Confederation but never fulfilled, the function of overruling the legislative powers of the Provinces when they exercise them in a way that is contrary to the interests of the Dominion as a whole. The Fathers were perfectly aware that such clashes were likely to occur, and when they did occur it was their full intention that the Dominion should prevail. But so much greater has been the loyalty of Ontarians to Ontario, and of Quebecers to Quebec, and of British Columbians to British Columbia, than the loyalty of these same persons to Canada, that for fifty years it has been taken for granted that no provincial enactment must ever be upset except by judicial authority, on the ground of its being *ultra vires* of the Province; and the functions of the Lieutenant-Governor, who was supposed to be a most important representative of the Dominion, watching provincial legislation with an eagle eye for what he ought to withhold for Dominion consideration and for possible veto, have been degraded into those of a highly ornamental and rather expensive rubber stamp. It is my belief, and my ardent hope, that the population, for example, of the Province of Thunder Bay will not get nearly so excited about the "provincial rights" of Thunder Bay, and will not be nearly so anxious to exercise them without regard to the national interests of Canada, as most of the citizens of the existing Provinces do; that they will, in short, ultimately come to regard their Province in much the same manner as the average citizen of Great Britain regards his county rather than his country.

At present the feeling of an Ontarian for Ontario, or a Quebecer for Quebec, is not that of, say, a resident of Lanarkshire for Lanarkshire. It is rather the feeling that a resident of Lanarkshire would have for Scotland if Scotland were still a separate kingdom with large sovereign powers of its own and with a Parliament sitting at Edinburgh. Fortunately for the unity of Great Britain, the Scotch, having provided the United Kingdom with a king and very nearly succeeded in providing it with a religion, decided that it was quite possible for them to safeguard their specific Scottish interests without insisting on the preservation of Scottish sovereignty. The people of the major Provinces of Canada have never attained that degree of confidence in their own political capacity, and the measure of their loyalty to the Canadian nation is the measure of the extent to which they are willing to trust that nation with sovereign powers over themselves—that is to say, it is about as small as it can possibly be. And then they wonder why Canada does not seem to be quite a nation!

Canada is at the present moment trying more or less successfully to be nine nations. My theory is that if she could be induced to start trying to be twenty-five or thirty she would give it up and consent to be one.



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 " Winnipeg 4.50
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 " Regina - 4.75
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MONTREAL

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WITH 4,000 miles of wire stretching from coast to coast—linking up every intermediate city, town and hamlet—giving direct, instantaneous communication from anywhere to anywhere in the Dominion—business men have at their service a system surpassed nowhere in the world in accuracy, convenience and economy.

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 New Brunswick Telephone Co.
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IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

HUNTED

Continued from page 11

as he listened to them. He knew their tactics well. The pack would split up into independent units, leaving two or three of their number to follow the trail of the quarry. The remainder would dispose themselves in a huge circle over the hills, and whenever the buck came near one of these outposts, they would change places with the pursuers. By this means fresh dogs were continually brought into use to harry the buck, and however strong and fleet the wretched animal might be, the chase could only end one way—in the death of the hunted.

Andrews finished his meat and went down to the stream for a drink. He returned to the fire to sit there on a log, smoking his pipe in the warmth and listening to the sounds of the chase.

He could trace its progress by the occasional yelps with which the hunters announced their whereabouts to their friends. The buck was holding his own. He led them down one side of the valley to the stream, through which he splashed, evidently in a futile effort to lose his trail in the water; up along the crest of the opposite hill over rocky ground until he was turned by one of the outposts and had to cut down across the valley again, back to the forest from which he had been driven. From pillar to post he was hunted; through forest glades, along twisting game paths, by rocky krantz, and open, heather-grown hilltop, but he could not throw off the fiends that followed.

Andrews was struck by the analogy between the buck's plight and his own. They were each being hunted for his life through these high forests, by pursuers who adopted the same tactics; relaying the chase from point to point, signalling its progress to reinforcements, in the one instance by a primitive code of signals, and in the other by the civilized device of the telegraph. He was depressed by the realization that neither he nor the buck had much chance of escape; in the finish they would be brought to bay and overwhelmed by the numbers of their enemies.

Sitting there idly reviewing his own prospects he began to take a keen interest in those of the hunted animal. He felt that if the buck should escape he would also escape, across the border beyond reach of the law. He concentrated his faculties upon the hunt, tracing with an absorbed interest, the line of the quarry; the dispositions of the hunters.

The buck had turned again, down into the valley to water. He would have no opportunity to drink, poor wretch, he must cross that cooling fluid, with laboring lungs and parched throat, and climb the steep and rocky hillside again where half a dozen fresh enemies awaited him, ready to drive him back over the weary round, while their comrades drank and rested.

"Why doesn't he break away and outdistance them?" the man muttered savagely. "The swine have got him surrounded; he can't last out against the lot of them." But he knew that the buck dared not break through that ring of sentries, even had he been able to; he must stick to the country he knew, lest a blind trial or a false step in the darkness should prove his undoing.

An outburst of yelping made the man crane forward eagerly, peering into the moonlit gloom. The buck had broken back up the valley climbing the steep hill towards the light of the fire. Steadily upwards he came, until the crashing of broken bush; the rattle of sliding stones, displaced by his toiling hoofs, was distinctly

audible. Andrews crouched, staring hard along the misty ground. He could hear the animal's gusty breathing and a kind of moaning noise it made, indicative of terror and exhaustion.

"He's done! He'll have to fight it out here on this plateau—and by God, I'll take a hand!" He opened and slammed shut the bolt of his rifle. The vague bulk of the flying buck appeared over the top of the ridge into the firelight.

"Come on lad! Right in here, and get your back against a rock. We'll show 'em!"

Blind with fear and fatigue the creature blundered past the fire into the security of the rocky grotto, where it fell full length and lay gasping. Andrews knelt before the fire, the light shining over his shoulder upon his levelled sights. Small, bounding shapes loomed up in the mist.

Crack! Crack! Crack! went the Mauser. Two of them buckled up among the stones; one ran off howling. Andrews listened. The terrible sobbing breathing of the buck behind him mingled with the panting of the dogs out in the bush; from afar off rose the howling of the piquets, coming in to the death. The hunter took a burning brand and flung it out, down the hill. A shaggy form broke from cover; the rifle cracked, and it rolled over kicking.

"I'll teach you!" snarled the man; cheek pressed to the rifle stock, lips drawn back from white teeth in a snarl of ferocity. He felt as though these were his own enemies—the hunters who chivied things to death across the hills.

"Damn them—!"

He had turned at bay. Fighting was better than running; you could get some of your own back this way; repay some of the fear and strain you had suffered, all alone on the hills with every man's hand against you.

Other dogs had arrived to reinforce the attack; he could hear them panting where they lay beneath the bushes, but they showed no wish to take the offensive. Presently they began to eat one that had been killed, as was their beastly habit.

Andrews turned to the buck. It lay behind the fire; its legs doubled under it; its neck outstretched upon the ground. Its eyes were closed, it seemed occupied with the effort of breathing, to the exclusion of all else. Andrews approached quietly and stood looking down at it.

"Poor fellow!" he said gently. "That last burst up hill just about killed you."

The animal was a full grown bush buck with an unusually good pair of horns measuring, as far as he could judge, about sixteen inches. A graze on the smooth skin of its neck attracted his notice; a graze which might have been left by the noose of a rope.

"Well I'm hanged if it isn't Swara!" he murmured. "That's pretty tough; caught in a trap and hunted by wild dogs, all in one day!" He placed his hand on the animal's head; it started and began to struggle, but he held it down easily enough, and in its state of exhaustion it could not persist.

The man sat down by the creature's side, his rifle across his knees, stroking velvety ears and muzzle; while on the edge of the circle of firelight the wild dogs prowled hopefully. Now and again he threw stones at them, whereupon they dived for cover, snarling. He knew they would not dare to pass between the fire and the rock, but had they come too close he would

[Continued on page 32]

Your Life is one long BEAUTY CONTEST so let Calay help you Win!



Every day of a girl's life means a new Beauty Contest. People everywhere are judging you. If your skin is lovely, you can win! Let gentle Calay help!



Tonight, make a creamy rich lather with Calay, a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse well with cold water. A simple treatment and a wonderful aid to beauty!



"For her, the summer has been a gay one . . . winning daily Beauty Contests at every social event of the season. Today again! For her skin is exquisitely soft and lovely! It attracts everyone she meets."

This is gentle, creamy-white Calay, now daintily wrapped in green and yellow. Cellophane protects its freshness!

HAVE you ever wished you could veil your skin from the critical eyes of men and other women? Does your complexion help or detract when people look at you and judge your beauty?

"Make-up," no matter how skillfully applied, is a poor "cover-up" for a skin that needs Calay's delicate care. Calay can keep your

skin beautifully, deeply clean . . . give to your cheek that lovely, fresh look. Then your other beauty aids will have more power to charm.

Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft and mild that it should be the *only* soap you use. It's free from "chalkiness"—free from coloring matter—safe for your precious skin! Do try Calay today!

CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Quiet tick LETS YOU SLEEP

Quiet as a watch all night long. You'll never know this beautiful new Big Ben is close beside your pillow until he calls you in the morning. None of the tickety tick when you have a new Big Ben Chime Alarm.



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Big Ben's first morning call is a series of soft, persuasive chimes that wakes only you. No nerve-shattering racket to jerk you out of bed and rouse the whole house. Big Ben is the first polite alarm clock in history.



then— HE SHOUTS

If you don't obey his first gentle call and shut off the alarm, Big Ben lets you know he means business. He shouts. Polite, good-looking, accurate, built for years of service. Big Ben is an outstanding value.

Big Ben, head of the Westclox family, sells at \$4.75 (plain dial) and \$5.75 (luminous dial). Other members of this famous family, known throughout the British Empire, for long life dependable time-telling service, include Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, and other alarms, watches and auto clocks.

New BIG BEN

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES AND A QUIET TICK

Made in Canada by Western Clock Company Limited, Peterboro, Ontario

WESTCLOX PRICES RANGE FROM \$1.75 to \$7.00

HUNTED

Continued from page 31

have wasted a few more cartridges on them.

After a time the buck's breathing became more normal; Andrews looked down to see its large startled eyes fixed upon him. "All right, old chap," he said soothingly. "You are safe here; I won't hurt you."

He got up and walked over to the fire to relieve the beast of the embarrassment of his presence. The buck shook its head and lurched to its feet, standing with trembling legs, watching him. Andrews sat down on his log and pitched a brand out amongst the dogs, who fled, snapping at each other. The buck snorted and shivered.

"Don't you go out there, Swara," Andrews cautioned it. "They are waiting to chase you again." The animal came slowly towards him, to stand with drooping head near his shoulder. Evidently it recognized him as a friend, and protector, from the shaggy demons beyond the firelight. He put his hand on its neck and, apart from a slight shiver at the strange contact, it did not move. He began to rub its ears and muzzle again; after a few minutes the buck knelt down, curled its hind legs under it, and in this crouching position between the man's feet, went to sleep. Jerry Andrews, the hard bitten, lonely hunter, felt a gush of tenderness for this wild creature which trusted him so implicitly.

"You stay there old man; nobody's going to hurt you," he said with fierce earnestness. He would have given his life in defence of his new friend at that moment.

The fire glowed with a rustle of flickering flames; the buck breathed slowly and softly in that state between sleeping and waking induced by its exhausted condition; the wild dogs snarled and grumbled over the bones of their fellows in the shadows, and Andrews sat puffing at his pipe, thinking.

It was strange how people instinctively revolted at betraying a trust. This hunted animal had appealed to him, a hunter, for protection; had put itself into his power and was now trustfully sleeping, its head between his feet. He was short of food and on the morrow it might be fatal to give away his position by firing a shot; he had only to draw his knife and drive it into the buck's neck to have meat in plenty, but he knew that he would rather starve to death than commit such a crime.

"That would be murder, if you like," he muttered.

What man could do such a thing? None, of his acquaintance, with the possible exception of Snell, but then Snell was hardly a proper man—he was a half-crazy hyena who tormented helpless dogs. He was glad he had killed Snell; there would be no more of that. The whole thing was strange; beyond his comprehension. The buck had thrown itself upon his mercy, he could not harm it, but had he walked out in the morning and seen it standing near by, he would have shot it without a qualm, even though the wild dogs had been chasing it all night. The animal trusted him; that was the point. Among civilized men trust must not be betrayed, particularly when it was elicited by some helpless creature. The thought of wealthy financiers swindling trusting widows and orphans occurred to him, but it did not upset his theory; such men were rats—like Snell, they were exceptions which proved the rule.

The rule was that men were merciful when mercy was asked of them.

"Look at me; I'm harder than most. I've shot dozens of bush buck—lived on 'em once for six months at a stretch—and when I wanted meat I never spared one that I can remember. However badly I wanted meat now, I just couldn't think of killing Swara, and yet he is no different from any of the rest of them."

He knocked out his pipe on the log, refilled it and lit it with a coal from the fire.

"Now suppose I was to get frightened of being hunted, dash into Bilton's office, and appeal to him for protection; what would he do?"

He pondered the answer to this for some time, taking into consideration what he knew of the Commissioner's character. He was a hard man, but straight and just, and above petty spite. When he came to think of it, Bilton was a man he would have liked, if they had not been on opposite sides of the fence. If positions had been reversed and he the Commissioner, he would have had the ivory poacher under lock and key if he could manage it, so there was no cause to be sore at Bilton for doing what he would do himself. He brought his hand down softly on the head of the buck, with a gesture of certainty.

"He would do what I did with this hunted animal. He would say 'Well, Andrews, you've thrown yourself upon my protection; I'm not going to see you get into trouble if I can help it. Snell was a swine anyhow, and I'm going to make it look like he deserved what he got.' And then," said Andrews, with a note of conviction in his voice: "I would tell the jury just how it happened and I don't believe I'd get more than a year or two in gaol."

The buck stirred under his touch, uttered a long sigh, and lapsed into sleep again. It was content to rely upon its new friend's protection; the fears and strivings of the night were over; the dawn would bring relief and happiness.

Andrews got up from the log and walked out to the edge of the firelight. It was midnight; everything was still in the soft light of the moon. The wild dogs had grown tired of their vigil and had gone off to seek easier meat. It was difficult to think of cruelty and terror in that peaceful serenity of mountains and forests.

STANDING there, staring up at the deep blue sky, Andrews made a great decision. At dawn he would go back down the valley to the settlement and throw himself upon the mercy of the law. He could easily slip past his pursuers who would never expect him to be heading back in their direction. He felt better for his resolve, he was no longer a hunted creature. Something of the peace of the wilderness had entered into his troubled spirit. He made up the fire and lay down beside it, his head close to that of the buck.

With the first flush of rosy light in the east, he awoke. The fire still burnt in a pile of grey ash; the buck had gone—it was probably the stir of its departure which had awakened him. He rose and washed his face in the chill waters of the stream; then shouldering rifle and haversack, he started down the gorge towards the plains.

John Bilton, the District Commissioner was seated at dinner in his bungalow, when a gaunt, tattered figure came through the open doors out of the darkness and stood confronting him in the dim light of the

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HUNTED

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lamps. The waiting table boy uttered a slight gasp as he recognized Jerry Andrews and saw the rifle in his hands, but Bilton gave no sign of surprise. He looked up at the intruder with his calm, level gaze, still masticating slowly.

"I have come to give myself up," said Andrews quietly.

The Commissioner nodded. "I am glad, Andrews; it is the best thing you could have done." He paused, fingering his glass, absently. "I thought you were miles away," he said; "there are men out looking for you in the hills."

"And every police post has been warned," said Andrews; "I know—They were all ready for me along the border; but I might have got through despite that."

Bilton regarded him quizzically. "What made you come back?"

The hunter propped his rifle on a chair, folded his arms, and leant against the table. He told Bilton about the hunted buck; how it had sought sanctuary with him, and the conclusions produced in his mind by the animal's action.

"The buck would not break away from his own country," he said. "However hard he was pressed, they couldn't drive him from the district where he was born and bred. I've got the same feeling, Bilton. I've hunted these hills for twenty years; if I have any home it is here. I don't want to live among foreigners; I'd rather take my chance here, like the buck."

Bilton smiled. "And like the buck, you have sought sanctuary."

He gave an order to the native servant who began to set a place at the table. "You look tired and famished; won't you join me at dinner?" he said.

Andrews sat down at the table. His face was still stern and determined; he avoided his host's eyes.

"The two instances are not exactly parallel," said Bilton. "You were a

free agent to help the buck; I am not—I am an officer of the law."

Andrews smiled bitterly. "I should have remembered your duty." The tone in which he pronounced the word was scathing.

Bilton took no notice of the remark. "My own inclinations cannot enter into this. I am afraid you will have to stand your trial for manslaughter, but considering the circumstances, you should not have much to fear."

"Manslaughter!" said Andrews dully. "Why not murder?"

Bilton took out his cigarette case. "It is not murder when a man kills another in defence of his own life," he lit his cigarette and puffed slowly. "Luckily Snell's cook looked through the window and saw the finish of the fight. He has described how Snell seized a knife from the table and tried to kill you with it, and how you defended yourself with the water bottle. At such a time no man can be expected to realize how hard he strikes."

Andrews was thoughtful for a moment.

"Did you know that the cook was Gyp's only friend, and that he hated Snell?" he asked suddenly.

Bilton waved his cigarette with a gesture of indifference.

"I pay no attention to rumors," he said; "the boy is an independent witness; no one has tried to influence him." He pushed the cigarette case towards his guest. "You don't seem to be eating—try a smoke—So you see, Andrews, the law must take its course, but I hope you will believe that its servants are not a pack of wild dogs."

He motioned to the house boy to approach to receive orders. "You will stay the night with me of course?" he said.

Andrews lit a cigarette, staring at the match flame with unwinking eyes. "Yes," he said slowly. "I will lie by your fire tonight."

THE BLACK GRIZZLY

Continued from page 18

out on his own for a look round. Next evening it was Cripplestone who came in late after a long and dusty ride into the foothills.

"Marriott," he said, "I've seen your grizzly."

"That so?" replied Jack, without looking up.

"Yes. It's a big old black bear as I said, and in poor coat at that."

Jack grunted. "How do you know it was *my* grizzly?" was his pertinent question.

"Evident, ain't it? Same place. Ain't likely to be two big bears on the same patch of ground."

"Shucks!" replied Jack. "I've seen as many as five big bears in a string going down to that salt lick."

"You always see what the rest of us don't," sneered Cripplestone. "But be reasonable. It's clear you've made a mistake, which anyone else might make. I had to look at him twice myself—first time I thought you was right. But he ain't a grizzly—he's a black bear!"

And there the matter ended. Everyone thought that Cripplestone was right and that Jack was wrong, and they said so, so that in the end Jack himself began to think he had made a mistake. A jet black grizzly certainly *did* sound a bit tall! He would let the matter drop.

IN POINT of fact, Cripplestone had not seen any bear at all that evening, but what he had seen were the

tracks of a large grizzly down at the salt lick! Cripplestone was no fool at woodcraft, and began to cast round for signs. The grizzly had made use of the sheep track down from the heights, and here and there it was much too low for him. At one point he noticed the sheep lowered their heads to pass under a windfall, and the grizzly, passing under the same fallen tree as he followed their pathway, had been compelled to belly down in order to go through. In so doing his back had rubbed the trunk, and searching carefully, Cripplestone found three jet black, glossy hairs, of exceptional length, sticking on the bark.

"That bear's mine, sure as a lame duck!" muttered Cripplestone to himself. "I'll take the pelt back to the ranch and show it to young Marriott. That'll make him sorer than ever!"

Two evenings later, after dark, Cripplestone cached his rifle in the bush, and next morning he was up long before daybreak, saddled his cayuse, and set off into the foothills. He had food enough for three days, and with his rifle and fish line he was good for a week in the bush. Anyway, he did not intend returning till he had that bear.

Was ever a dawn more glorious than this? Even Cripplestone, world-hardened sinner though he was, was able to appreciate it. Gradually

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THE BLACK GRIZZLY

Continued from page 33

mounting the foothills he looked back into the ranch lands, golden and green below him, while the Silvertrail River wound its course like a braid of burnished platinum. An eagle hung slowly overhead; from a rocky shelf a bighorn ram, miles away, though it looked within rifle shot, peered down at him.

The trail to the Eagle's Point consisted of a long, winding shelf, climbing steadily upwards across the sheer face of the mountain—too narrow for a cart, but right enough for a trained cayuse. As one rode, the fall into the gorge below became deeper and deeper, and soon the very trees would appear as black specks no larger than pin heads.

But Cripplestone never reached that point, for, on rounding a corner, his cayuse suddenly uttered a snort, reared straight upright, then, ere Cripplestone could realize what was happening, the startled beast had lost its balance and was falling backwards! Cripplestone had just time to fling himself clear of the saddle to avoid being crushed under the animal's body, then he came to earth with a sickening jar.

In the meantime the cayuse scrambled up, and lost no time in continuing along the shelf, the rifle bouncing from the stirrup and falling with a clatter over the edge.

Cripplestone cursed savagely, for now his whole plans were clearly knocked on the head. He did not know what had frightened the horse, nor did he stop to think. For the moment he was absorbed in recapturing it, for if once it got well away in this wild country, he would certainly never see it again, and in his eagerness he forgot even to thank his lucky star for the narrow escape from going over the precipice.

Just ahead the shelf wound abruptly inwards, following the course of a rift in the mountain-side, then outwards again, forming, as it were, the letter U. The space across the U was not more than forty feet, and as convenience would have it, a dead tree had fallen clean across, thus forming a natural bridge. Now, if Cripplestone could swarm across that dead tree in time he would be able to get ahead of his cayuse, and thus stop it at the point opposite.

It was a pretty risky thing to do, but Cripplestone certainly lacked nothing in the way of nerve. Clutching the smooth trunk of the fallen tree, he began hastily to swarm across the giddy space, speculating the while as to whether he would land on the other side in time. Scarcely was he midway, when there was an ominous cracking sound, and looking ahead, Cripplestone saw, to his horror, that the rotten branches by which the tree was hitched to the opposite shelf were yielding to the additional strain of his weight—that the tree, though still held on one side by its roots, was on the point of swinging giddily downwards.

Cripplestone held his breath, as, one by one, the rotten branches resting on the opposite shelf gave way, till finally, with a sickening, sinking motion, the last branch gave, and down the whole thing swung.

Cripplestone lived a year in those few seconds. He saw the horrible space yawning below, and closed his eyes. Downwards the tree swung, then with a cracking of its strained and twisted roots, it slowly, slowly came to a stop, hanging to the extreme edge of the shelf from which he had just climbed.

Cripplestone opened his eyes, the cold sweat of fear streaming down his

face. He felt weak as a kitten, and was trembling like a leaf. He had experienced a "close call," and was not yet out of the wood, for at any moment the rotten roots might give way, and he and the tree together would go crashing into the gorge. Certainly this was an unlucky day; he had lost his cayuse and his rifle, and twice had been within an ace of losing his life.

But Cripplestone's bad luck was not yet finished, for as he peered up towards the shelf, he saw, peering down at him over the twisted roots, a—huge, black grizzly!

The animal's eyes were shining a wicked green, and the long hair over its high shoulders stood straight on end. Certainly it was in a fighting mood, and now Cripplestone knew what it was that had so startled his cayuse. He himself had not seen the bear, though it must have been crouching under the rocks within a yard or two when he fell, ready and waiting for him.

So far as Cripplestone could make out, the brute was still waiting for him, and he knew as well as anyone that there is no exhausting the patience of a bear. How long would it wait? Summer was gone, he was none too warmly clothed, and to remain throughout the night where he was would certainly mean numbed limbs and falling into the gorge. Thank goodness he had his little automatic pistol with him, though to use it, he knew, would be the height of folly, except as a last resource. He might empty the whole clip into that huge woolly head without the small bullets having more effect than to blind the beast with rage—to bring it swarming down on top of him, to cuff him giddily out of the tree.

So the awful day passed—blinding glare and heat. Thirst began to torture him. At intervals the bear would disappear for over an hour, but as soon as Cripplestone moved, it would come padding silently back to peer down at him with pig-eyed enquiry. Evening drew in—became bitterly cold. Once Cripplestone levelled the little pistol, but his nerves failed him, and he trembled so with cold that he could not draw a bead. With a shuddering cry he buried his face. "Hang it!" he muttered. "I'm beat—beat—beat!"

THAT noon the range boss came into the cookhouse. "Where's Cripplestone?" he asked.

No one knew, but someone volunteered the suggestion that Bill had gone on the spree.

"Any of you boys like a ride to Windyreach?" he enquired. "The boss is over there, and he's wanted here. It will be an all night show. Who's going?"

"I am," responded Jack Marriott, quietly pulling on his chaps.

An hour later Cripplestone lay in utter despair, too unnerved to bring destruction hurtling down upon himself by discharging his pistol at the bear, knowing that a night of torture, or probably death, lay ahead. Then suddenly he saw the waiting bear turn and gaze fixedly down the trail. A second later it slunk off.

"Perhaps he's struck game," muttered Cripplestone, but too afraid to hope anything, he buried his face again.

What was that?—a rifle shot? Again it came, sharp and deadly, filling the whole gorge with rumbling echoes. Then there was the beat of a pony's hoofs, followed by silence. "Hi!" yelled Cripplestone. "For the love of mercy—hi!" [Con'd on page 41]

BOTHERED ABOUT THE NEW BABY!

By D. SHELBY



THE young mother is apt to be overly anxious about the wee new-comer—especially when the day comes for the nurse to leave. Of course it would be a comfort to keep her longer—but big bills are no comfort to most of us; and besides really and truly it isn't such a difficult job. You aren't going to break his precious back! Or feed him pie and pickles! Eh?

In fact you've no idea how naturally the whole thing will come to you—one step at a time. Don't be "afraid." Buck up your courage; and go at it with a smile. A leisurely lovely smile, to think how the precious mite is really yours!

First his bath. And it is no mysterious rite—just washing a very small piece of person. Kiss him; and laugh at him; and wash at him; all happily. There's no terrible bath-formula. Just have the room warm and the water comfy; and prepare to "enjoy your job;" and lo! the baby will too.

If you haven't one of those cute new tubs on its own low stand (and never mind if you haven't!) you'll find a foot-tub or even the old-fashioned earthen bowl on a conveniently low chair, much handier than the big tub . . . at least till he's sizeable! But whether you do his feet or his fins first; with ABC or XYZ soap; he'll never know the difference "when he is a man, my dear."

That is to say, simply, that if one uses common sense liberally; following the general advice so readily obtained these days from doctor, nurse and books, both mother and babe will thrive. If you worry about it all, he'll find it out and worry too . . . sure as you're born!

Don't be scared, for instance, if the baby's scalp gets scaly. Use a bit of vaseline. Give him a dash of talcum pretty much allover—not any special brand, but any pure brand. Draw a big breath between-times yourself. (This is very important!) And then don't work on him—till both you and the baby lose all the fun of it.

Of course, if any unusual problem comes up, consult your nurse, or physician over phone. And of course you observed that the nurse washed his eyes each morning before the bath with a solution of boric acid water—his eyes first and then his gums with a fresh bit of cotton. Set your glass or cup of the solution in hot water until it is lukewarm; be gentle and un-hurried about using it and "his majesty" will even enjoy the process. In other words let's never have a red perspiring "mama," nor a bawling all-worked-up baby, for our bath-hour!

Second, though first in importance, comes his feeding. So long as the child is gaining on the breast, your food-problem is solved for you. Praise be! That is as Nature intended it should be. But where Nature has not solved the problem for you, it is cheaper, safer and saner, to get expert advice at once and then follow it. It may require some patience and some changes; but just be patient and make the changes and you will be rewarded by seeing him gain and thrive.

For the rest, my dear, just leave the darling as much as may be to himself. At least see that he is not fondled and "talked to" every waking moment. If he gets accustomed to it; he will turn about and demand it, when least convenient for you. Besides (as you have no doubt noticed in other children) the child that wants to occupy the centre of the stage, becomes a "public nuisance" to the friends of the family. Watch out, then, how you start yours!

And now, my dear, run along to your task . . . just as blithely as you used to skip to school. Any old day might possibly give you a black mark; but you never began wondering about that, before you got out of bed in the morning. I'd just like to peep in occasionally, to make sure you are not binding her feet; or feeding 'em "beer to make 'em fat;" or trotting him till his little tummy is all upset. It is truly a divine task; let us tackle it sanely day by day.



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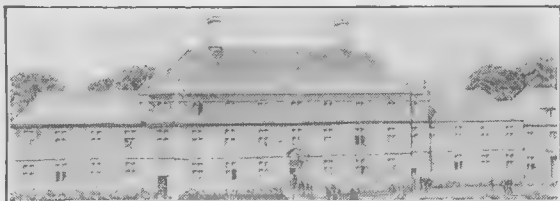
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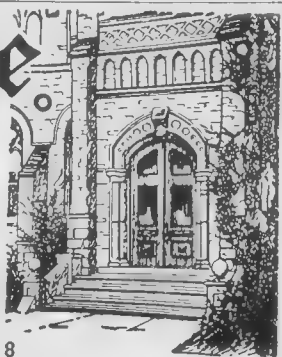
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YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

REST AND RECREATION

C.A.E., Nova Scotia: Judging from the statement of the work you have already covered, your present lack of progress is probably not due to any real failure to comprehend your studies, but to the fact that you are undertaking too much. To maintain all mental activity, it is essential that there should be a regular supply of pure blood to the brain. Unless the student provides himself with opportunities for rest at frequent intervals, and sees to it that he gets recreation in the open air, his brain-force will be reduced to a greater extent than he imagines. If the instruments with which the brain works are thus kept in order, the decomposed tissues of the brain will be renewed and the waste products will be carried away. Change of occupation and plenty of fresh air are, therefore, essential for the sedentary brain-worker who wishes to maintain and to add to his mental efficiency.

CHARACTER

T.E.G., Alberta: Probably the most indispensable quality that a young man should possess to win success in life is character. This does not mean the mere testimony as to character—the written statement as to behaviour, habits, competency, and the like—for that does not count for much in these days. Shrewd employers are more apt to judge character now at its face value; in other words, by reading the features of the man seeking a position.

That we do not all possess those ennobling and distinguishing traits which we imply in the word "character" goes without saying; and it may be asked, then, whether a man who cannot pretend to possess a high character must allow himself to stand still, or to sink, and make no effort to redeem or improve such character as he is endowed with. Is he to accept it as his destiny that Nature has bestowed on him a certain type of character, and that if it is not up to the standard required by the world he cannot better it? Is there, in fact, no power in man himself to form or re-form his character?

PENMANSHIP

G.Y., British Columbia: I do not think you will find general agreement with your idea that good penmanship is of little importance in these days of the general use of the typewriter. The decay of good penmanship nowadays is a theme which is constantly engaging the attention of merchants and business men generally. Loud and bitter are the complaints launched from platform and press in denunciation of the system which turns out the finished product of our schools incapable even of that modicum of ability which is necessary to address an envelope satisfactorily. Amongst the multiplicity of subjects, penmanship has been thrust into the background. It is not surprising, therefore, when we reflect that so much of the work of the world is committed to paper, that employers set a high value on young men who can, at least, write a neat and legible hand. Neither should it surprise anyone to find good writers placed in charge of the best accounting work of a business house. Good writing is a standing advertisement of the youth who does it. If he adds to the art such kindred knowledge as the nature of his business requires, he will, by the cultivation of business qualities, secure that promotion which almost invariably waits upon merit and ability.

THE FUNCTIONS OF MONEY

A.M., Moose Jaw: It is difficult in a small space to deal adequately with your question concerning the functions of money. Some of the present-day economists seem to have their doubts with regard to the efficacy of money as a universal medium of exchange, but many of the earlier economists would probably say that the functions it performs are four:

- (1) A medium of exchange.
- (2) A measure of value.
- (3) A standard of value.
- (4) A store of value.

That is to say, money is the commodity which is universally accepted in exchange for all other commodities, and, as a consequence, the values of all other commodities are expressed in terms of money, which thus becomes the universal measure of value. The third function follows naturally from the first two. Contracts, and loans repayable at a future date, come to be expressed in terms of money, the value of which at a future date may be assumed to be practically the same as at present, and money thus performs the function of a standard of value. Finally, there can be no more convenient substance to act as a store of wealth than that which is the medium of exchange and the standard of value.

AMBITION

S.S., Edmonton: The instance that you mention may have been due to lack of opportunity but more probably it was due to lack of ambition. One of the greatest faults that a young man can commit at the commencement of his business career is the fault of declining to learn to be adaptable. A very large part of this fault lies in regarding an "occupation" as an equivalent phrase to a "life task."

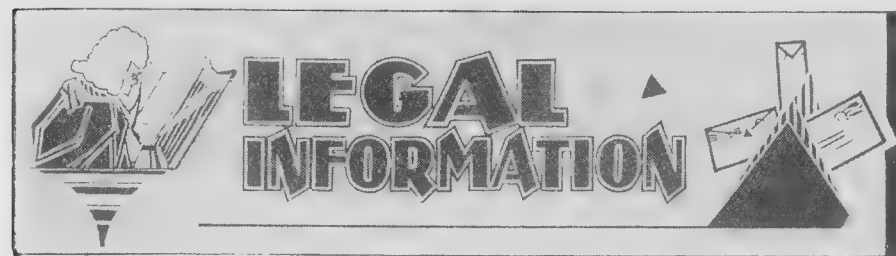
The young man who enters an office to become a clerk has but poor stuff in him if he deliberately decides that "clerking" shall be the beginning and the end of commercial life to him, and if he expects to spend all the years from seventeen to seventy bending over a desk doing the routine work of an office. We should say to such a young man: "If that is all your ambition, you will probably fail even to accomplish that much. You are just the sort who will be 'too old at forty.' You must desire more earnestly to 'get on,' or the world will quickly bid you 'get out.'"

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLING

R.D., Lethbridge: There is no invariable rule for getting on the road. The methods by which men enter this occupation are so numerous as to be difficult to classify. Some have been sent out by the firms which previously employed them as clerks, some have worked their way into the life by taking up commissions, some have answered advertisements in trade journals and newspapers, and some have got their positions through influence.

It is not difficult to become a commercial traveller. Any member of the fraternity will tell you this. In fact, it is frequently complained that the traveller has to meet intense competition, simply because of the ease with which large numbers of people keep swarming into the life. It is not difficult to get on the road, but it is very difficult to do so in proper circumstances and with the right kind of backing. To accomplish this, it may be necessary to watch for a good opportunity for months

[Continued on page 46]



This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all of the Dominion. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

WE ARE indebted to the Canadian Bar Review for the following interesting case which has recently been decided in England:

A had parked his motor car on a public street with its back against the pavement. About half an hour afterwards B drove his motor car into the street and parked it in the immediate vicinity of A's car. The dog in that car was jumping about and barking furiously at this time. While B was passing the dog smashed the glass panel in the rear of the car with the result that a splinter of broken glass entered B's eye, injuring it so severely that the eye had to be removed. B subsequently brought action for damages, alleging that A was negligent in leaving the car with the dog inside unattended and unsecured, thus making it possible for the dog to cause the injury to him. At the trial the jury found for B with £2,000 damages and judgment was so entered. A appealed and the Court of Appeal reversed the judgment, holding that there was no evidence to show that the dog had a dangerous propensity to his knowledge or that shutting him up loose in the car, was, in the circumstances, negligence. On appeal to the House of Lords the judgment of the Court of Appeal was affirmed, their lordships holding that the injury sustained by B was the result of pure accident, such an unlooked for event that no reasonable person should be held liable for not taking precautions against it. Lord Dunedin spoke of the suggestion that the dog might have become excited by inhaling carbon monoxide as a foolish one. It occurs to us that if the dog had inhaled that deadly gas the plaintiff would not have to deplore the loss of an eye.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Ladysmith, B.C.

Q—I would like to ask you re some lots described as Lots 40-41, Block 6, plan 1646, parish lot 25/7, St. Charles. I bought these as being in Block 6, Rydal, an extension of Tuxedo. The University of Manitoba was supposed to be built adjoining but so far as I can find out it has not even been commenced yet. Do you think they are worth holding? The taxes are small but I have decided the lots by now must be valueless. Do you think they will be of any value when better times come? I always read your investment column and it seems to me you have a common sense view of things.—E.L.

A—We consider your lots of doubtful value, worth probably not more than about three years' taxes.

* * * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q—My husband and I have been married over twenty-five years. We started out with absolutely nothing, both of us working hand in hand together to get along. Everything went all right until we got on our feet. My

husband had everything in his name which was quite satisfactory to me. When he didn't need my help any longer things seemed to change and I understand he has changed his will also. I might say here we have four children.

Would you please tell me if this is a legal will. The house and furniture to go to his wife and everything else to be sold and divided equally between his wife and four children.—A Subscriber.

A—Without having an opportunity to see the form of the will we cannot state whether it is a legal will. If the form is satisfactory there would be nothing to prevent the husband making a will in the form which you suggest. The wife can then decide whether to accept what is given to her under the will or require the executor to pay to and allow her the portion of the estate which the Dower Act gives her. Under the Dower Act you would be entitled to a life interest in the home where you reside and also one-third of your husband's net estate.

* * * *

Vernon, B.C.

Q—Am I entitled to a refund in the following case? I purchased a large radio combination from the drug store where I had a monthly account. The radio had been used in the store and therefore was being sold cheaper. I paid ten dollars down before I had tried out the machine at the house. It proved most unsatisfactory and as the merchant was most reluctant to renew the tubes, etc., I decided not to keep the machine.

The merchant did not allow me any rebate. Am I entitled to stop same from any bill that I may owe the store?—F.P.

A—If the machine was unsatisfactory and the merchant agreed to accept return of the machine and call off the deal you are entitled to return of your money unless at the time it was agreed that your cash payment would be forfeited for your failure to complete the deal. If you are entitled to the \$10 refund you should deduct it from any account which you owe to the merchant.

* * * *

West St. John, N.B.

Q—In an early issue will you please answer in your legal instruction columns the following question:

In the Province of New Brunswick, on the death of a married woman, leaving a husband and two or more children, and no will, what proportion of the dead woman's real estate will the husband inherit?

A—The husband would inherit one-third of the net estate and the remaining two-thirds would go to the children. If during her life the married woman had made any gift or advancement to any child then such benefit must be taken into consideration in arriving at the share of such child in the estate.



PEACE of MIND

No man can enjoy the leisure hours for which he strives unless his investments are secure. For peace of mind, keep an adequate Savings Account. It pays 3% interest, is always ready for use — and never depreciates. Whether your Savings be large or small, The Royal Bank of Canada is always ready to give you interested and efficient service.



The ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

CAPITAL \$35,000,000

RESERVES \$39,155,106

ASSETS over \$750,000,000



Better Cookery

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

With the Aid of Electricity

THE new devices which are constantly being introduced to us make housekeeping an increasingly thrilling adventure. New or improved pieces of electrical equipment are continually appearing, for aid in preparing foods, cooking them, or washing the dishes afterwards, or for keeping them in perfect condition till used.

In selecting any electrical appliance, only those made by well-known reliable manufacturers should be chosen. Bargains in these items are apt to be expensive. With each article will come a little booklet, or some other form of directions. These should be carefully followed to obtain the best service from the equipment. So much of the satisfaction from electric equipment depends upon the wiring. Inadequate circuits will result in slow heating. A full-sized electric range cannot be operated on ordinary lighting circuits. When building a house it is wise to have as many outlets installed as will probably be required. Attaching appliances to light sockets is most unsatisfactory. It is well to have wall outlets for the vacuum cleaner and floor polisher and lamps; one for the washing machine and iron, and one or more for the table appointments such as the coffee percolator, and toaster. Another should be located near the kitchen cabinet or work table for a grill, mixer, toaster, etc.

Any good article deserves care. The directions for its particular care should be followed. Crumbs should be brushed off toasters after each using. Percolators should be carefully washed and dried and aired, extreme care being taken that the heating element does not come in contact with the water. Electric waffle irons and griddles need no greasing, but are carefully wiped clean after each occasion of use. A good cord should be selected with each electric article, then when it is removed, should be pulled out by the plug, not by a jerk on the cord itself. Many of the new pieces of table equipment are chromium plated, which will not rust nor tarnish, and makes them truly beautiful, as well as easy to care for. The beauty of many of them is enhanced by handles of black or colors, adding to the delights of cooking at the table.

Modern toasters almost seem intelligent, the way they automatically shut the current off when the toast is done, instead of burning it. Some of them will even turn the toast over to brown the other side. There are the flat toasters, which for some purposes are better than the up-right ones. Some of them are closed, and will toast two full slices on both sides at once, or will toast sandwiches. A combined grill and toaster will make two slices of toast at once, or toasted sandwiches, and in the lower part, bacon, eggs, omelets, creamed dishes, etc., may be cooked at the same time.

At no time do waffles taste better than when made at the table and eaten at once. In some of the newer ones, the batter bowl and ladle are combined with the grids, in one complete unit.

Percolators are more beautiful in design every year. Or one may choose a percolator urn. Or a mysterious coffee maker which consists of one glass bowl above another, operated electrically, and producing delectable coffee. A very useful small article

is the immersion heater, which is merely inserted in a vessel of liquid to be heated—a bowl of soup, the baby's milk, a pan of water to make a cup of tea.

A MODERN appliance which almost takes the place of a maid is some type of beater or mixer. There are several good ones to be had, and many are the services they will perform. They will mash potatoes, mix batters, beat eggs, whip cream, grind meat, chop vegetables, beat mayonnaise and cake frostings, slice vegetables, grind coffee, extract fruit juices, freeze ice cream, blends doughs. Not all of them have all these attachments, however. Some are portable, so may be used in the bowls on the stand to which they are attached, or may be taken to the stove to use there in a sauce pan, or double boiler when needed. Potatoes, for example, may be mashed and beaten to a white fluff, in the pot in which they are cooked. Some are small, others larger. Many of them have different speeds for various operations. For example, in mixing a cake, the soft shortening is beaten at high speed for about one minute, the sugar added gradually and the beating still continued for another minute, the eggs, unbeaten, are added one at a time, and beaten a minute after each is added. To add the sifted dry ingredients and the liquid, the speed is turned to the lowest, and not continued after all is added. Any woman who has a beater will soon find by experimenting just how she will get the best results.

A GOOD electric refrigerator is one of the greatest joys a modern homemaker can have. Possibly an up-to-date range is the only piece of kitchen equipment which surpasses it. One wonders if the manufacturers can find any more improvements to make in either of them, they

seem so perfect. There are sizes and types of refrigerators to fit every need. With them come little books containing many new recipes to use with them.

These have been carefully tested, to determine the most satisfactory results—the temperature to use, the length of time required, and so on. Rubber trays for freezing ice cubes have become quite popular. A new convenience is the automatic light in the interior of some ice boxes, which turns on when the door is opened and off when it is closed. Desserts may now be frozen in a shorter time than formerly. Canned or stewed fruits may be put in the freezing tray and frozen to a mush to form a frappé, in an hour. Whipped cream or a garnish of some sort may be added to each serving. As the air in the refrigerator is dry, it is well to wrap



foods, except those with a covering of their own such as eggs, in waxed paper or to keep them in covered dishes. This also prevents the absorption of odors. Paper bags and ordinary wrapping paper should not be used, however, as they are non-conductors of cold air, and prevent the chilling of the food inside of them. As a

good circulation of air is essential to proper refrigeration, dishes should not be so closely crowded, nor so close to the sides of the compartment, as to interfere with this air movement. A moist cold air compartment in some types gives perfect storage for fruits and vegetables.

The new electric stoves are as fast now as any other type of fuel. They are so clean and quiet and keep the heat concentrated where it is wanted.

CORN MEAL PANCAKES

Corn meal, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 2 c.	Milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Baking powder, 4 t.	Egg, 1
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Melted butter, 2 tb.
	Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cook the corn meal in the boiling water for at least five minutes. Add the milk, sifted dry ingredients, beaten egg, melted butter, and cook on the griddle till golden brown on both sides. The corn meal and water may be cooked earlier in the day, and covered to prevent the forming of a crust on top.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES

Milk, 1 c.	Eggs, 2
Boiled rice, 1 c.	Sugar, 2 tb.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.	Melted butter, 1 tb.
Flour to thicken, about $\frac{3}{4}$ c.	Baking powder, 1 t.

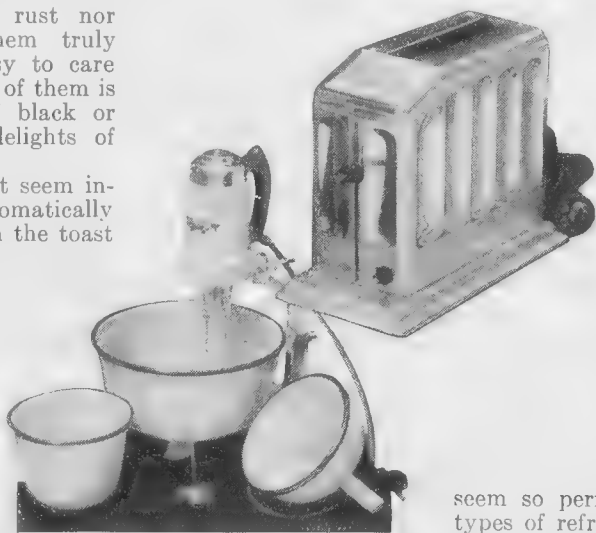
Add the milk to the rice, then the well-beaten egg yolks, the sifted dry ingredients, melted butter and last, the stiffly-beaten egg whites.

A cup of cooked tapioca or sago may be used in place of the rice.

WAFFLES

Flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.	Milk, 1 c.
Baking powder, 3 t.	Eggs, beaten separately, 2
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Sugar, 1 tb.
	Melted butter, 1 tb.

Sift the dry ingredients, add the beaten egg yolks, the milk, melted butter, [Continued on page 39]





He's a
MAN
in the making!

How proud you are of him! How carefully you safeguard his food, his rest, his play—for you want him to grow up the healthiest boy in the land. Of course, you worry when he doesn't want to eat. And that's why we are reminding you of a cereal so tempting children can't resist it.

It's Tastie

Give him a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Breakfast, lunch or supper—watch him eat! Rice Krispies fascinate children. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream. One of the best cereals for young folks.

It's Nourishing

Nourishing Rice Krispies are so easy to digest, they don't overtax. So much better than many heavy dishes—particularly at supper. Rice Krispies invite sound, restful sleep.

It's Crisp

Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package with the sealed WAXTITE inside bag. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love.



and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake according to the directions accompanying your waffle iron. Serve with jam, honey, or syrup.

Variations

To the batter add grated cheese. Use whole wheat flour in place of white flour. Serve as a strawberry shortcake by putting crushed strawberries between and on top of two waffles, with a topping of whipped cream.

For a hot dish for a small party, use in place of toast with creamed chicken on top, or with scrambled eggs or crisp little sausages, cooked in a grill.

Use cooked rice in place of part of the flour.

TOASTED SANDWICHES

Spread slices of buttered white or brown bread with fillings which may be heated, cover with second slices of buttered bread, and toast the sandwiches on both sides, and serve while hot.

Cheese, either in thin slices, or of a creamy variety which will spread.

Chopped meat, mixed with salad dressing, gravy, white or tomato sauce, or melted butter, if very lean.

Chicken or fish, moistened like the meat.

Dried beef, torn in shreds, and cooked in chopped ripe tomato till evaporated to a paste which will spread.

Creamy scrambled eggs. Very thin slices of cooked ham, spread with mustard.

CHILLED BEVERAGES

The ice cubes, ready at all times for cooling drinks, are one of the chief delights of the mechanical refrigerator. With the rubber trays it is possible to take out one or two cubes at a time as wished, without removing all that are in the tray. For special occasions, these may be decorated. If wished, a few drops of vegetable coloring may be added to the water to make it any tint desired, without affecting the flavor. Or a bit of decoration may be put in the centre of each cube. Fill nearly half full, and freeze. Lay on each half cube, a cherry, or mint leaf, or little colored grape bud, or candied violet, bit of fruit, such as pineapple or orange or lemon slice, cut in fancy shape, candied ginger, etc. Add a very little water, to hold it in place, and freeze, then fill the tray with water and continue freezing. If the decoration is put in the full tray of water, it will rise to the top and be frozen there instead of in the centre of the cube.

A jar or bottle of cold tea, a few bottles of ginger ale, etc., kept in the refrigerator, make it possible to have a chilled drink on a moment's notice. A jar of cocoa syrup for the children might be there, too.

CHILLED FRUIT CUP

Use small servings for a cocktail, or larger portions for dessert. Use cubed fruit as available, in any liked combination, such as pineapple, pears, orange, cherries, etc., and let stand, with the juices, for several hours till well blended, or put for half an hour in a freezing tray, if time is short.

STRAWBERRIES WITH PINEAPPLE

Cut fresh pineapples in slices, pare, remove the eyes and cut in small

[Continued on page 40]

Why Miss Lillian Loughton's
Strawberry Shortcake
is famous . . .



"I use and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Cookery Expert of Canadian Magazine.

"WHEN I create a recipe," says Miss Lillian Loughton, Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the Canadian Magazine, "I want it to serve the young, inexperienced cook as well as the older and more skilled housewife."

"That's why my own baking recipes are planned for Magic and why I recommend it for all recipes calling for baking powder. Even a beginner can use it confidently."

Miss Loughton's high praise confirms the judgment of other Canadian dietitians and cookery experts. The majority of them use Magic *exclusively*, because it gives consistently better baking results.

Magic is first choice of Canadian housewives, too. It outsells all

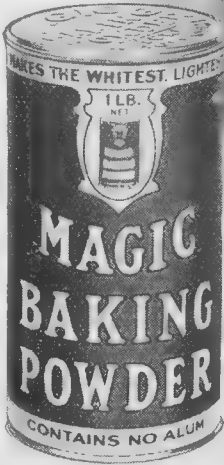
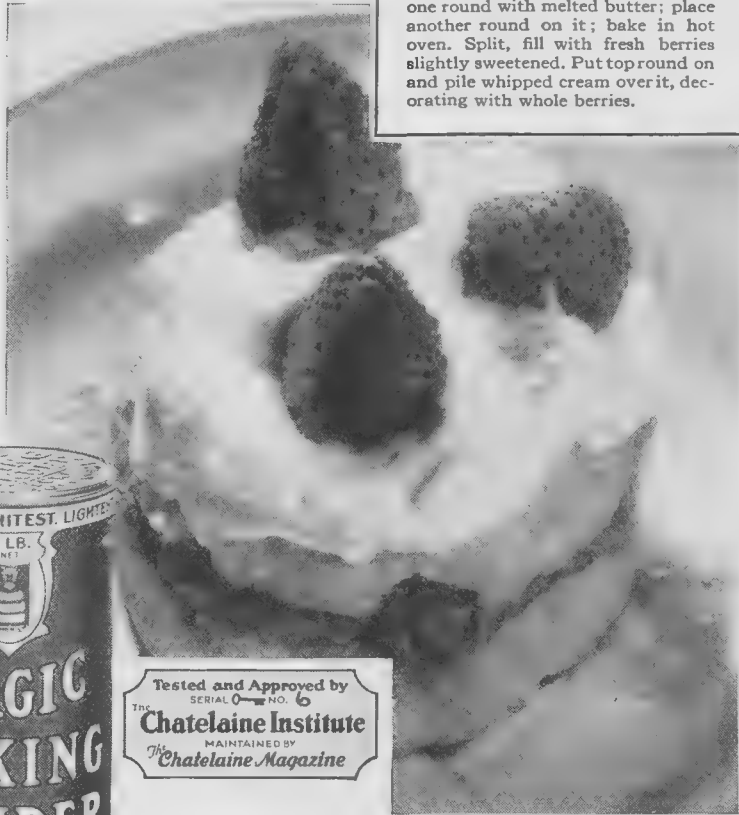
other baking powders combined.

Be sure to use Magic, when you bake at home. Have the happy satisfaction of knowing that your baked foods are sure to be successful—light . . . tender . . . delicious!

Individual Strawberry Shortcakes

- 2 cups pastry flour (or 1 3/4 cups bread flour)
- 4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg 2/3 cup milk

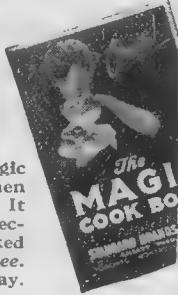
Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt; rub in shortening till very fine; add sugar. Beat egg and pour with the chilled milk to make soft dough (but not too soft to hold its shape when baked). Turn the dough onto a floured board, roll lightly to one-third inch thickness. Cut out with a round cutter. Brush one round with melted butter; place another round on it; bake in hot oven. Split, fill with fresh berries slightly sweetened. Put top round on and pile whipped cream over it, decorating with whole berries.



"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Made in Canada

Send for the new Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home. It gives you dozens of recipes for delicious baked dishes. Your copy is free. Mail the coupon today.

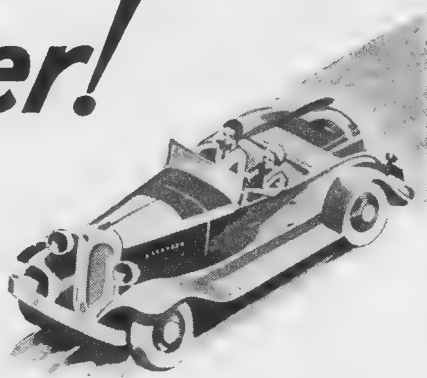


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Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

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Address _____
City _____



KEEP OUT of the KITCHEN in Summer!



Some women have so much time for outdoor fun in summertime. How do they do it? Here is a simple secret—a practical way of solving the summer meal question: Get in a supply of Heinz home-made style soups.

There is a different, delicious Heinz soup for every day in the week . . . each soup prepared and seasoned . . . ready to heat and serve. And every one of these soups is a triumph of the soup-maker's art. If you want to prepare healthful, satisfying, summer meals quickly . . . serve these home-made style Heinz Soups *often*. They're different!



HEINZ Ready-to-Serve SOUPS

- Cream of Tomato
- Cream of Asparagus
- Cream of Corn
- Cream of Celery
- Cream of Green Pea
- Vegetable
- Beef Broth
- Mock Turtle

HEINZ ONE OF THE 57 Home-made Style SOUPS

MADE BY HEINZ—ESTABLISHED AT LEAMINGTON, ONT., FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY



pieces. Cut ripe washed strawberries in halves or smaller, according to the size, and mix carefully with the pineapple, so as not to mash them, sprinkle with sugar and chill till ready to serve.

MELON COCKTAILS

Make balls of watermelon and cantaloup with a French vegetable cutter, or cut them in cubes, and mix. Sprinkle with lemon juice and chill. Pile in sherbet glasses and garnish with sprigs of mint or watercress. Serve powdered sugar with it if wished.

MINT COCKTAIL

Divide oranges and grapefruit into sections, remove all membrane, and cut each section in two or three pieces, sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and lemon or pineapple juice. When ready to serve sprinkle each serving with a little chopped mint.

JELLIED SOUPS

Cover soup or chicken bones with cold water, simmer for some hours, adding carrot, onion, celery, or any other desired seasoning. Strain, remove the fat, and chill till it jellies. Cut in cubes and pile in glasses to serve. Chilled soups must be considerably more highly seasoned than those eaten hot. A clear tomato soup may be eaten in the same way on a very hot day.

ASPIC JELLY

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Well seasoned soup stock, 3 1/2 c. | Gelatine, 2 tb. |
| Lemon juice, 2 tb. | Celery salt, 1/4 t. |
| Grated onion, 1 tb. | Salt and pepper |

Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the cold soup stock, or use 1/4 c. cold water. Simmer the soup and seasonings for a few minutes, add the softened gelatine and strain. Use for molding vegetables, meat, chicken or fish, for sultry days.

JELLIED VEGETABLE SALADS

Hollow out firm ripe tomatoes, one for each portion, and chill in the refrigerator, having them turned upside down to drain. Put 1 1/2 c. chilled cooked vegetables cut in small cubes in 1 1/2 c. of lemon jelly which is just beginning to thicken. Fill the tomato cases with this mixture, and let harden. This amount of jelly will fill six tomatoes. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

FROZEN DESSERTS

MOUSSES

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Whipping cream, 1 c. | Sugar, 1/4 c. |
| Fruit pulp, 1 c. | |

Whip the cream, add the sugar and any fruit pulp liked, such as peach, apricot, strawberry, etc. Or chocolate, vanilla, strong coffee essence, etc., may be used for flavoring, instead of fruit pulps. Freeze for three hours in the freezing tray.

PLAIN ICE CREAM

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| Milk, 2 c. | Whipping cream, 1 c. |
| Sugar, 3/4 c. | Flavoring, 1 t. or more |
| Flour, 1 tb. | Egg yolks, 2 |
| Gelatine, 1 t. | Cold water, 4 tb. |
| | Salt, 1/4 t. |

Make a custard of the milk, sugar, flour, salt and beaten egg yolks. Add the gelatine dissolved in the cold water, and chill. Fold in the vanilla or other flavoring and whipped cream, and freeze in the trays of a refrigerator. Vary by adding chocolate, fruit, nuts, etc., if wished.

The
coffee you make
"in the cup"
"CAMP"
COFFEE



COUPON

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Please send me free booklet "Camp Cooking."

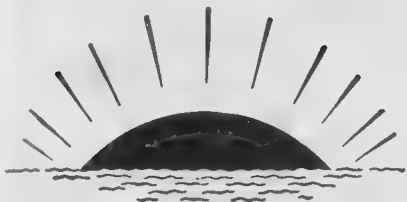
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The favorite salt for kitchen or table use. Pure, fresh and full flavored salt packed in dust-proof and air tight sanitary cartons for your convenience.
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At Your Grocers
Cleans Pots & Pans, Sinks, Bath Tubs, Dishes & Floors.
Send 10c. and tops of three packages for a rubber apron



A Run On The Attic By Thousands Of Thrifty Women

will be in order this year. Perhaps you, too, have packed away faded dresses and draperies too good to throw away. Now is the time to reclaim them with

SUNSET Soap DYES FOR FAST DYEING

Dyed with Sunset in different colours more in keeping with today's colour fashions faded, used fabrics look new again. Texture, too, is freshened—there's no home-dyed look



in Sunset-dyed materials. Why not save a few dollars right now by using Sunset? It's called the "most wonderful dye in the world" because it is so easy to use; dyes wool, silk, cotton, linen and

mixed goods the same shade in the one dye bath; does not stain hands or spoil utensils, yet is fast to light and washing.

The anilines used in Sunset are the finest money can buy. The soap is very important. It softens and opens up the fibers, allowing the deep penetration and even distribution of colour absolutely necessary to produce beautiful results which cannot be gotten without the soap.

Sunset is 15c a cake and comes in 22 standard colours.

Pink	Yellow	Black
Old Rose	Orange	Gray
Scarlet	Light Brown	Taupe
Cardinal	Dark Brown	Heliotrope
Wine	Light Blue	Purple
Sand	Bright Blue	Light Green
Khaki	Old Blue	Dark Green
	Navy Blue	

Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Colour Card. If he does not stock Sunset, write us for colours desired. We will also send you, free, the latest Colour News.

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Free Book, "How to Preserve the Eyesight," sent on request.

THE BLACK GRIZZLY

Continued from page 34

Marriott had seen the bear ere it saw him—had slipped from his cayuse, levelled his rifle, and was quite prepared as the great brute came ambling enquiringly towards him. His first shot crippled it, his second killed. Then he heard the shouts, and a minute or so later was looking down at Cripplestone.

He looked! He grinned. The grin spread from ear to ear, from the roots of his hair to the tip of his chin. It was some grin.

"Been bear hunting, ain't you?" queried Jack. "Seen anything of a black grizzly?"

Cripplestone's grin was one of absolute relief. "Lower me a rope," he pleaded. "I'm pretty well all in. Been here since daybreak, with that brute waiting. It's a black grizzly all right."

"Not it," replied Jack. "It's an old black bear."

"O, chuck fooling," groaned Cripplestone. "You've got one over me, I own, but I'm all in. Lower me a rope."

"Couldn't be done," replied Jack. "Not single-handed. I shall have to fetch a few of the boys along to lend a hand," and he turned and disappeared.

"Marriott! O, Marriott!" But no answer. Cripplestone's heart sank, for he was too done to attempt that climb out. A minute later Jack came back with his rope, and hauled Cripplestone out.

But one thing beat Cripplestone—namely, that, though Jack returned with the pelt and sold it for a sum equal to many weeks' pay, he never breathed a word as to how he had found Cripplestone! No one ever knew about that day which might have made the last named the laughing stock of the range, but one evening, months after, Jack led his old enemy aside and said—"Wouldn't you just have made things hum for me, sonny, if you'd had the chance I had? Well, I didn't. Reckon you got your reward for playing it low down."

And Cripplestone wrung his hand. "You're a white man!" was all he said.

The LITTLE THINGS

By Constance Oakley

*I have been a lover of the little things in life—
The soft, still hour of twilight,
Old brass and candles red,
Thin wreaths of smoke—and leaves
Lying curled and brown and dead;
A fireside just with smouldering logs
Half burnt—and seagulls' cries
And books well-bound in leather,
Perfume, and butterflies;
The crimson touch of autumn, rosebuds
Of deepest red,
Frilled curtains, and the moonlight,
Clean sheets and golden thread,
The gentle splash of rain, lilacs—
Deep mauve and creamy white,
A chesterfield, my old red tam,*

*Blue dishes and sunlight,
The feel of silk, and stormy seas,
A soft breeze on my face,
Red string, spike heels, and sunset's glow,
And yards of silver lace;
The sound of falling water,
In Spring—green willow trees,
Warmth, buttered toast and silverware,
And charming symphonies;
Old friends and laughter and rough tweed,
And my fingertips,
Soft dreamy music, algebra,
Black cats, and babies' lips—
—All these to me I hold as dear
For I have been a lover of the little things in life.*

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rating is

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The Food Committee of the
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Association has checked
these points:

- ✓ Plain or cooked, Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself.
- ✓ In its balance of food elements, Velveeta is unique.
- ✓ Velveeta is rich in Vitamin A which comes in butter and cream, spinach and carrots. Thus it promotes growth and is particularly effective in building up an inner resistance to colds, throat and lung infections.
- ✓ Velveeta, because of its balanced Calcium and Phosphorus, is a safeguard against unsound teeth and bones.
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and often. So many ways to serve it! Spread on crackers. Toasted in sandwiches. Cooked in main dishes. Order a half pound package from your grocer to-day and for a free recipe booklet, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," write the Home Economics Dept., Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co., Limited, 147 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, P.Q.

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A PILL ROLLING LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

By Dorothy Wright

BACK in 1904 Hugh Edwin Munroe, graduate of McGill University and the Royal Edinburgh College of Surgeons, surveyed from a railway coach the growing town of Saskatoon. It was his first view of a future prairie city. Several days later he nailed his plate to a shack and rolling up his sleeves set to "pill-rolling."

the Canadian Pacific Railway, was another leading citizen who first saw the light of day on the Indian Lands.

As Eddie Munroe he attended public school at St. Elmo East, and when not there or doing chores at home he, along with enthusiastic companions, strived to attract fish with a bent pin and willow in the Scotch river, made



Lieut.-Gov. Hugh Edwin Munroe



Mrs. Hugh Edwin Munroe

Today he is Lieutenant-Governor Hugh Edwin Munroe, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, an O.B.E., V.D., M.D., and F.A.C.S. He is married. Mrs. Munroe is prominent in Saskatoon's society, a noted horse-woman and a keen golfer. They have two children, William, better known as "Bill" a qualified air-pilot and a daughter, Maxine, a co-ed in the University of Saskatchewan and one of the most athletic-minded girls at that seat of learning.

Lieutenant-Colonel Munroe was born not far from Gordon church, east of Cornwall, Ontario, a land made famous by Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon, the author, who writes under the name of Ralph Connor. Folks in that district called him Eddie. His father, a second generation Scot, was born in Canada. His mother was a McEwan.

At Gordon kirk, which by the way was named after Dr. Daniel Gordon, father of Ralph Connor, the younger Munroe imbibed large doses of the Presbyterian shorter catechism. Each Sunday the father and mother, along with their family of half-a-dozen, sat in the family pew and listened to the fiery denunciations, for which the pulpits of those days were noted.

Dr. Munroe, as he likes to be called, has a fund of reminiscences, and those of his childhood days are not the least of them. By Gordon church stood a cheese factory. The Munroe farm was one mile east of the cross-road which was adorned by the red brick kirk and the factory. To the latter establishment the younger Munroe "drove the milk" day after day.

The district in which Dr. Munroe was born is known as Indian Lands. It is a strip of country a mile wide, running north from the St. Lawrence river a distance of twenty miles and divided by what Ontarians know as "concession" roads. Edward R. Peacock, now of London, England, head of Baring's Bank and a director of

famous in Ralph Connor's Glengarry stories. High school at Alexandria followed. This town is well-known for the number of Macdonalds and MacDonnells it contains. Entering McGill in Montreal during 1899 he completed a medical course by 1902. Then he journeyed to the land of his forefathers where, at the Royal College of Surgeons, he obtained a medical degree.

At Saskatoon he did not limit his activities to the medical profession alone. His force of character soon had him interested in civic politics, then provincial politics. He was elected a member of the Saskatoon civic council and, be it noted, was instrumental in establishing the first hospital in that city.

DR. MUNROE does not talk very much. He prefers that his visitors do the conversing, but, if one carefully veers towards politics, Dr. Munroe can go back to 1905 and tell of the days when he toured Saskatoon provincial constituency on horseback only to take a licking from W. C. Sutherland by fourteen votes. In 1912 he had another fling but Archie McNab, another well-known Glengarrian, tamed him by one hundred and eighty votes. Today Dr. Munroe is of the opinion a politician should tour his constituency in a battered Ford instead of a highly-polished Rolls-Royce.

His mind lingers over the wordy battles the present premier, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett and Dr. Patrick of Yorkton, indulged in. The doctor rarely took a back seat, Dr. Munroe says. The verbal flayings Sir F. W. G. Haultain administered to his political enemies also have an attraction for him.

When Dr. Munroe was president of the Saskatchewan Conservative association he urged Dr. J. T. M. Anderson to take the leadership of the party field. Apparently Dr. Munroe was a good judge of character. Today Dr. Anderson is Saskatchewan's premier.

[Continued on page 43]

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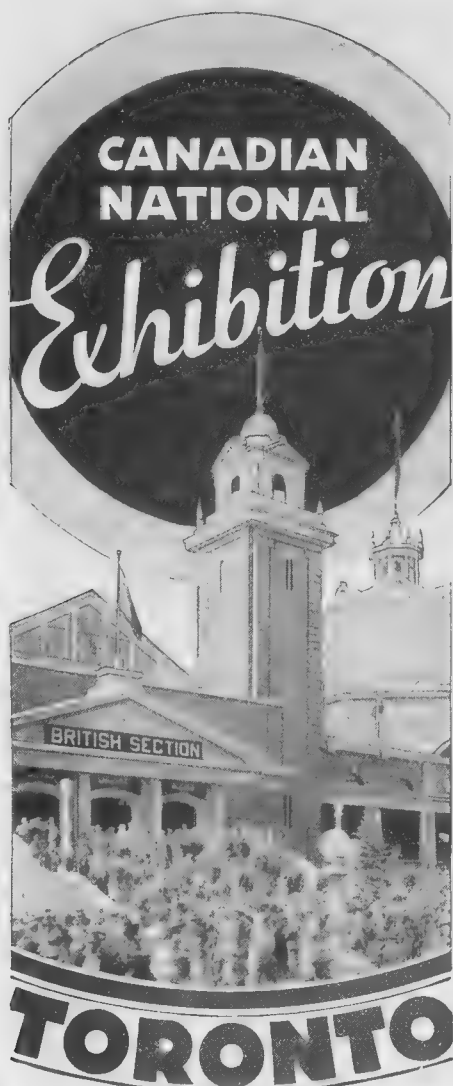
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Ground floor reserved 75c—\$1.00 for Box Chairs.

Send cheque or money order without delay to Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

A PILL ROLLING LIEUTENANT- GOVERNOR

Continued from page 42

When war broke out in 1914 he did not dally long. With the First Canadian Contingent he journeyed to France in January, 1915. After six months there he was transferred to the Dardanelles, serving through the entire campaign in that part of the world. Then he moved on to Egypt where he contracted a fever and was invalided to Canada. Back in his native land he could not rest until he had formed a Saskatchewan medical unit which he took to France. From this unit, where he was greatly respected, he was transferred to the Independent Air Force in the capacity of Assistant Director of Medical Services or in military language the A.D.M.S. He was demobilized in 1919, returning to Saskatoon.

DR. MUNROE likes golf; would like to play hockey but fears it too strenuous a game for his age; he is keen on duck shooting and is not averse to taking a crack at big game; he used to own a farm, but decided he was not a son of the soil so gave it up; he wishes he could understand music better than he does, and plays a "hot" game of bridge; aviation is another of his strong points, and he has often taken long flights.

The Lieutenant-Governor has always been a member of the Canadian Legion and once was president of the Saskatoon Military Institute. He has been president of the Saskatchewan Medical Association. As a public speaker he knows his "onions" and can make a "bon mot" register without fail. His wit is keen, sense of humor vivid, and he is usually seen wearing a smile. His popularity in Saskatoon is a by-word.

Dr. Munroe is in partnership with Dr. R. H. MacDonald. His brother, Dr. George Munroe, is a Saskatoon dentist, and a sister, Dr. Margaret Munroe, is also a dentist, at Davidson, Sask., south of Saskatoon. Mrs. Munroe, besides knowing horses, has taken an interest in the political field. She was president of the Saskatchewan Women's Conservative Association and a member of the executive for a number of years.

Mrs. Munroe was born in Manitoba and has lived on the prairie every year of her life except four years during the Great War when she did canteen work in Great Britain, while her husband was in France.

She learned to handle a gun at the age of fifteen and since then has sought out the mallard many seasons, bringing back her quota. She is a great aviation enthusiast and has flown over many miles of prairie to keep appointments.

LAY ME TO REST

By MARIE ZIBETH COLMAN

When I have done with laughter and with grief,
And turned me home,
Lay me, I pray to rest
Beside the sea.

Lay me beneath a red arbutus tree—
Let only silver gulls
My mourners be,
And pray the fragrant pine to sing
Requiem for me.

For I have loved the kindly earth,
Of every tree the lover been—
The stormy sea hath friended me,
And soaring gulls companioned me.

So when at length my laggard steps turn home,
And my last song is sung,
Lay me, I pray, to rest
Beside the sea.



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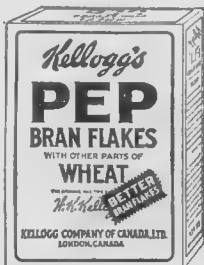
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7581—Girls' Dress. Designed in sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3, if made as in the large view, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. With sleeves $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. To trim requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace edging, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of insertion and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of ribbon for bow. Price 15c.

7585. This model is arranged with back closing, and also with the convenient closing at the inner leg seam. The leg portions are finished with leg bands. The sleeve may be made in wrist length as in the small view, or in short length, as in the large view. A small collar in two sections trims the neck edge. Percale, voile, dimity, broadcloth or linen may be used for this comfortable little model.

Designed in 3 sizes: 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. Collar, cuffs, leg bands, and belt of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard in 35-inch width. To finish with narrow ruffling or edging (gathered) as in the large view will require 2 yards.

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7577—Girls' Dress. Designed in sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material, if made as in the large view. If made in monotone and with long sleeves $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. Price 15c.

7571—Ladies' Combination. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lace edging for the brassiere, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the lower edge of the petticoat. Shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard. Price 15c.

7572—This model expresses comfort, ease and simplicity. The vogue of broad shoulders is featured in pointed bertha sections. Crepe, in silk or cotton weaves, satin, batiste, rayon or voile is suggested for this pleasing number. Binding or piping in a contrasting color, or edging of narrow lace for trimming would be nice.

Designed in 4 sizes: Small 34-36, Medium 38-40, Large 42-44, Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with edging or bias binding will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards, the binding to be $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide.

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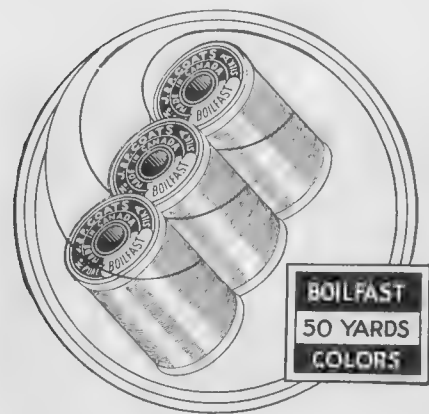
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CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE AND OTHERWISE

Continued from page 22

do not make good movie copy. No, the movies prefer the columnist who, like Walter Winchell, "dishes the dirt" on celebrities. In other words, the writer who is a sort of glorified village gossip. The hero of "Is My Face Red?" is more arrogant than most columnists, but he gets into a heap of trouble, including getting shot. I hear that the original story had the gossip completely killed, but the tender-hearted movies allow him to recover from the shooting and repent. "Merrily We Go to Hell," another columnist story, featuring Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney, is on its way. This film also contains a reformed gossip. That Hollywood influence for good!

"TWO SECONDS"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON'S new vehicle, "Two Seconds," is an interesting picture, well-acted and neatly directed. A rather novel introduction shows us that the whole story is a flashback—the last two seconds of a murderer's thoughts before he dies in the electric chair. These thoughts give us his story, sordid, to be sure, but dramatic and told with a swift intensity. Mr. Robinson plays the part of John Allen, the man who is about to be executed for the murder of his wife, Shirley. Shirley was a very bad lot. She had tricked Allen into marrying her and had deceived him cruelly. Her treachery was responsible for the death of Allen's best friend who had warned him about the woman's conduct. Allen and his friend, Bud Clark, are riveters, and the quarrel that arises between them, when Clark tries to warn Allen of his wife's unfaithfulness, takes place high up on the girders of a skyscraper. During the quarrel Clark loses his balance and falls to his death. When Allen finds out that what Clark said of his wife is true, he kills her.

It is not a light-hearted story, as you can see, but it is well played and excellently directed. The plot moves quickly and is realistic and stirring. There are some highly effective scenes of the men at work on the skyscraper. Robinson is fine in the leading role. Although he has achieved his picture success in heavy, dynamic roles, he is an unusually versatile actor. At one time a bright light in the New York Theatre Guild Company, he is adept in comedy as well as in hard-boiled drama.

"MONTE CARLO MADNESS"

"MONTE CARLO MADNESS" is a charming picture. Its plot is so incredible that it becomes delightfully fantastic, and it is treated in just the right breezy manner.

Its story is concerned with a naval captain's bad luck and insubordination. Against his queen's orders he takes his ship into Monte Carlo. The queen, full of indignation and righteous wrath, follows him and falls in love with him. The handsome Captain falls in love with the roulette table and loses the state funds, and the story continues with one wild complication after another. They are all treated with gaiety, however, and one cannot quibble over their implausibility.

Sari Maritza, who looks like a charming flapper trying very hard to seem sophisticated, plays the Queen. Hans Albers, the hero, seems rather too heavily handsome for most British and American tastes, but he is dashing enough in his way. [Con'd on page 49]

It's

GOOD



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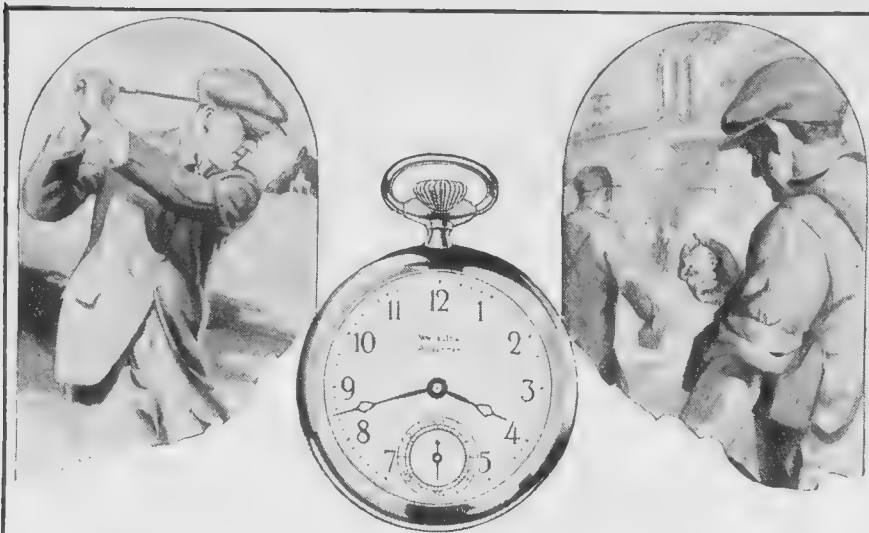
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YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

Continued from page 36

or even years, and to fill a temporary occupation that has little to commend it but the fact that it will give one a chance later.

ENTHUSIASM

R.W., Sudbury: There is perhaps something in what you say concerning the failure of adults to appreciate enthusiasm. Still that is not a good reason for discarding such an important quality. The world admires enthusiasm as an abstract thing, but dislikes it in the application. The late Archbishop Benson said: "We complain of ourselves for want of enthusiasm, but as soon as an enthusiastic institution appears among us we are still more afraid, and we run for the fire engine." Enthusiasm has in it too much hustle for most people; they don't want to be stirred out of their ordinary pace. "This enthusiasm is all very well," they say; "but let us have time to think about the matter." That is simply crushing and deadening to all enthusiastic effort. Enthusiasm cannot do much unless it moves quickly. It must follow the impulse.

It is wrong to discourage enthusiasm in the young. It only needs to be rightly directed. Under proper guidance and systematic training, there is no reason why enthusiasm should not accompany the growth of mental power and strong character.

KNOWLEDGE AND PURPOSE

C.D., Crystal City: The list of subjects that you submit is commendable perhaps in variety, but taking the subjects as they stand, the selection does not appear to have been planned with any definite purpose in mind. Intellectual culture does not consist merely in accumulating a lot of ill-digested information, but in building up a brain force that can be turned at will on any subject upon which we may be called on to pass our judgment.

"Reading maketh a full man,
"Writing an exact man,
"Conference a ready man."

In all our striving after knowledge we must have a purpose. To know the purpose of one's work adds force to the effort. We ought to utilize more the knowledge we gain by shaping it towards a definite end. Men must learn to make the best use of their talents, and to turn them to the greatest advantage. Every man should make it a point to know the theory that is underlying his work. He should know something of the effect of which his work is the cause. Every action has a thought behind it, and our thought impulses are the result of knowledge. It is by meditating on our accumulated knowledge that we evolve new ideas.

Lines to a Rymester

By Jessica E. Money

Only a maker of verses
That a few people read,
"A filler" of spaces
In odd magazines;
A rythmical pest,
Whose work is a jest,
As in smoke it is borne on the breeze.

Ah, dirty old furnace,
How little one knows
Of all the out-pourings
You've had to hear;
The fond protestations,
Love sighs, adjurations,
That in kindling, have "gone up in smoke."



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Thousands of men have discovered that Ogden's Cut Plug makes a pipe a more enjoyable, satisfying smoke . . . a real pal for their leisure hours and a downright help while at work.

This tobacco is cut and packed, just for pipes . . . that's why it's so much cooler, sweeter and more fragrant. Buy it in the half-pound vacuum tin which brings it to you as fresh and in as perfect condition as if you had filled your pipe right off the blending table at the factory.

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Ogden's fine cut
cigarette tobacco



This sealed vacuum tin is your assurance of freshness. The fine tobacco flavour is fully protected from the attack of air (oxygen).

BY 'PHONE ACROSS CANADA

Continued from page 13

Amherst, St. John, Edmundston and Quebec; at Montreal itself; DeBeaujeu, Smith's Falls and Oshawa where the line swings north after meeting a main branch to Toronto; North Bay, Chapleau, White River, Fort William and Dryden, then into Manitoba at Winnipeg and Virden, Saskatchewan at Regina and Swift Current, Alberta at Medicine Hat, Calgary and Blairmore, and finally, Nelson and Princeton in British Columbia—twenty-two repeater stations revive the fading currents as they go, boosting and re-boosting the waning energy, until they reach the end of the long journey almost unimpaired.

Night and day these repeater stations stand alert, batteries and coils, meters and vacuum tubes, wires and cables, ready day in and day out, intent on the business of passing the message that must go through. To the layman there are rows upon rows of strange-looking boxes, here and there a lamp glowing dully, here and there strange knobs and handles, but to the magicians who nonchalantly control the mysteries these are the nerves of the Trans-Canada lines.

Each partner assumes full responsibility for its share of the project in its own territory. In Nova Scotia there are 142 miles of line, in New Brunswick 384, in Quebec and Ontario the great Bell Telephone Company takes charge of 1,945 miles; Manitoba takes 242; Saskatchewan 453; Alberta 419 and British Columbia 624 miles to the sea.

THE operations of the System will be controlled by the partnership agreement to which each of the seven major systems has subscribed. An executive control committee has been set up upon which each of the systems is represented and the Trans-Canada Telephone System has its own official headquarters in the Bell Telephone Building in Montreal.

Here is also located the clearing-house which handles the costs and revenues of the entire system. The subscriber in Hamilton knows nothing of the complicated arrangements for handling the revenue from his call to Calgary. He receives, in the usual way, his toll account from the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, but

the Bell Company reports the call to the clearing-house and here it is meticulously divided among the partners who have carried the message from Ontario to Alberta—one of the thousands of similar calls which flash back and forth every hour of the day across the broad Dominion.

Here too, the accumulation of charges for the general operating cost of the System are accounted for, again divided among the seven partners in due proportion and at appropriate intervals. As a final result the profits or losses of the project are paid to or collected from the signatories to the partnership agreement of the Trans-Canada Telephone System.

PERHAPS it was a canty touch of fate that the official opening of the Trans-Canada line should take place upon the anniversary of the Scottish poet Robert Burns, who sang so prophetically:

*"Then let us pray that come the day,
And come it will for a' that,
When man to man the war' ower
Shall brithers be an' a' that."*

On January 25th, 1932, at high noon, the Governor-General of Canada spoke the opening words which put the lines in use for the people of the Dominion. Seven Lieutenant-Governors answered, each for his Province, and the sincerity and fervor of the exchange of felicities not only emphasized the loyalty of the seven provinces each to the other and of all to the Dominion of Canada, but showed marked evidence of the appreciation of the speakers that here was indeed a powerful link between them, a channel for understanding between all parts of Canada, and a remarkable feat in native scientific achievement.

As an example of the fruits of willing co-operation the Trans-Canada Telephone System stands as a shining light. Private and public ownership join hand in hand for a common purpose, to supply telephone service to Canadian people, across Canadian soil, so they may be no longer dependent upon great neighbors when they talk family matters on the 'phone.

THE PORTRAIT

By Elinor Ewing

*I never knew I looked like this—
Startled, afraid,
With great eyes grave.
I did not know my hair could kiss
Sunlight and shade.
My mouth is brave.*

*I thought I looked as old and sure and
wise,
As I had tried—
How could I know my soul shone
through my eyes—
Undignified?*



Prize Winning Photograph Awarded by Canadian Kodak Company to Mrs. M. Porter of Victoria, B.C.



Avoid the "DIRTY FACE"

"'Dirty Face' is the beginning of a great variety of acute face and skin conditions," says one of New York's leading beauty authorities. "One of the most important things for every woman to learn is how to avoid it."

Dirt ages the skin. It accumulates in the delicate tissues that line the pores, stretching them, irritating, toughening the skin. Get rid of dirt with Daggett & Ramsdell's two creams. They are the best that money can buy. Yet they are within reach of every purse.

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● DURING THE DAY whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

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These pests are your deadly enemies. They carry disease germs to infect every food

they touch. Their every bite is poison. Over 30 diseases are carried in this way. Many thousands of children, every year, die from their contaminations.

Fly-Tox, used rightly, kills all these pests at once. The way is easy and pleasant, the results are sure, the cost 1 or 2 cents per room.

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harm to people, no offense, no stains. Accept nothing less effective when the safety of your home is at stake. Sold in a million stores the world over. Get Fly-Tox now. Fly-Tox is made in Canada.

THE WATERFALL

By Frank Dempster Sherman

(Sent in by Esther Wahl of 9812-83rd Ave., Edmonton, Alta. A gold medal to Esther.)

Tinkle, tinkle!
Listen well!
Like a fairy silver bell
In the distance singing.
In the air.
'Tis water in the dell
Where the elfin fairies dwell,
Falling in a rainbow sprinkle.
Dropping stars that brightly twinkle,
Bright and fair,
On the darkling pool below
Making music so
'Tis the water elves who play
On their lutes of spray
Tinkle, tinkle!
Like a fairy silver bell,
Like a pebble in the shell;
Tinkle, tinkle!
Listen well.

"SUPPOSE"

(These are a few of the verses sent in by Elizabeth Laporte of Belcourt, N.D., U.S.A. A gold medal goes to Elizabeth.)

Suppose my little lady
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's head
And not your head that broke?

Suppose your task my little man
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world can't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

OUR COMPETITIONS

"OUR WONDERFUL WORLD"

Don't forget that this is the month to complete your diary on "Our Wonderful World," and send it in. The prizes are a camera, a framed picture for your room and a pocket pen, so when you send in your diary just attach a little note and say: "If I should win the prize I would like to have a" It will be better for you if you do this, for if you have a camera you don't need another one, and you might like a pen or a picture, so don't forget to do this.

A GOOD TRICK

Here's a competition the boys will think is "keen" we know. We want you to send us in a description of a good trick, slight of hand or illusion, something that will make fun at a party or among yourselves. There will be a prize for the best trick, and the best description of one. It's not easy to describe how to do these things, and it must be clear, and not too long. The prize will be a book on magic and tricks, so you can be the chief magician of your neighborhood if you win it! Send in your stories to Bobby Burke, and the prize story and drawings (if any) will appear in the November Corner, ready for the Christmas parties. Stories must be in our office though before October 1st.

BROWN BEAR

(Not good neighbors!)

Bears are homely, shaggy, and playful creatures. They are excellent swimmers, good diggers, and efficient climbers. If captured young they make good pets, becoming tame enough to follow one about as a dog might.

About the last week in January or the first part of February, the female brown bear has her cubs, usually four in number. Though the mother has been in hibernation for nearly three months, as all the other bears have been, she is capable of nourishing her cubs without taking food for another two months. During the first summer the young cubs receive the most careful attention the mother is able to bestow, and when winter is near she finds them suitable places to spend the long



BY BOBBY BURKE

THE FRENCH PICTURE



"A French Cafe"

Last month you saw how stores attract the attention of the public by moving their goods out on the pavement. The owner of a cafe goes still further—he places tables and chairs outside so that the people who come to him may eat outside. In places where this is done the sidewalk is exceptionally wide or else there is a large open square in front of the building. In summer time people enjoy

sitting outside the cafe and watching the people pass by while they sip their coffee. The boys and girls in the picture were members of a school party that had come over from England to spend ten days in Nantes. You can see that their chairs were right out in the road, not so very far from the street-car track. I don't advise you to try the same thing in our streets!

cold months. In the spring, when she issues forth with a new brood, the elder cubs are reported to join in the family group. Both families then pass the following winter in the mother's den.

Ants, honey and numerous vegetables constitute the main diet of the brown bear. Ripping an ant-hill apart, the animal laps up the insects and the pupa cases with the tongue. Bees and their tasty wares form a great attraction.

Autumn finds the bear taking advantage of the bounty of nature and growing extremely fat. Near the latter part of October it ceases its feasting and retires for the winter's nap.

It has been thought for a number of years that during the cold months the bear exists on the fat which was stored up the fall before, but recent reports point out that even at the end of five months' sleep it is still as fat as ever. In cases where bears were found to lose weight over the winter it was discovered that they were partially awake, thus the body was partially active and the fat was called into use.

And speaking of bears, here is a story sent in to us a year ago by Teddy O'Grady of 329-19th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta. If Teddy hasn't a gold button he shall have one, or a star if he already owns a button.

THE CHOCOLATE BEAR

Last year we took a trip to the mountains. We stopped at Johnson's Canyon. I was having a gay time playing near a beaver dam. After a while I tired of that and had come back near the bridge. I noticed a crowd of people on the other side, they were talking and laughing. As I came near I heard somebody say "Don't pet him, he might bite you." Well, I thought this couldn't be a dog, there were too many people watching. Just then out of the crowd walked a bear.

A man gave him a chocolate bar; the paper was on it. The bear must have thought the bar was not wholesome without the paper for he ate it all.

He must have at least gained a pound by the chocolate bars he ate. That is why I named him the chocolate bear.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUPPY

By Elizabeth McKenzie

EARLY this morning Mother ran barking out of our house. I followed her as quickly as I could and saw what I thought was another dog peeping through the fence. Mother barked, "A fox! A fox!" Mr. Burns came running out of the house with a long dark thing over his shoulder, keeping the point toward the sky. When he came near he lowered the long dark thing, which Mother says is a gun, and "Bang!" it went, sending out a spark and smoke. Mother was very much excited. "Come here," she said and smell these tracks, then you will know when the fox comes back, for they steal fowls and eat them. I smelt where Mother showed me and sure enough there was a queer smell. "That is the smell of wild things," said Mother. The fowls had all run into the henhouse as soon as Mother barked "A fox! A fox!" But now they were coming out one by one peering about to see if the danger was past.

Mr. Burns came through the yard saying to the hired man, "I wounded Mr. Fox, but he got away. I guess he will not come again."

Mother says she will have a hard day's work today because they have put a muzzle on Bell and she is going into the pasture with the other stock. "Why do they put a muzzle on Bell?" I asked Mother. "To keep her from stealing the milk from Bess," she replied. "I am sure Bell would not take anything that did not belong to her," I said, "I wish she could stay in the yard with me."

At noon, shortly after everybody had gone in to dinner, I saw a large bird flying round and round in the sky, coming nearer and nearer every moment. The fowls began running to the henhouse, the Clucking Hen and the Turkey Hen ran to their coops, calling loudly for their families to follow them. The roosters began making a funny warning noise so I thought it was time to bark. I barked as much like my Mother as ever I could. Mr. Burns came running out of the house with his gun. "Bang!" he went, right at the big bird who stopped circling round and fell headlong to the ground. Mr. Burns picked it up and threw it into the corner of the fence. I went up to it and smelt the same wild smell the fox had. I guess it wanted to eat the chickens too. Mr. Burns said it was a hawk.

Bell was away and I had no one to play with so I chewed the buttons for a while and then went off to sleep. When Mother came home she looked very tired. "Have you had a hard day?" I asked her kindly. "Yes," said she, "Bell tried to get through the fence again and again; at last she got caught between the wires. I barked and barked until Bess came and Bess moored and moored until the hired man came and lifted the wires and let Bell out. She was so frightened that I don't think she will try it again." "Come now," said Mother, "It is time to go to bed." "I am not tired and I don't like night. Why do we have to go to bed?" I grumbled. "I am too tired now," answered Mother, "but tomorrow I will show you why we have night." So I went to bed, but I was not sleepy, Peggy came by just then, "Good night Puppy dear," she called to me.

PEGGY came running towards me this morning, calling, "Puppy dear, Puppy dear, the holidays are here." I snuffed into both her hands. They were empty, so holidays are not good to eat. "You funny puppy," laughed Peggy, "I believe you thought holidays meant something to eat. Well, I will tell you what holidays are. They are lovely long days in which you have nothing to do but play all the time. 'Of course,' she added, 'You have to go in to eat your dinner and supper.' So I guess there is something to eat in them after all.

Peggy took me through the gate and along the path which leads to the lawn, and began rolling over on the soft short grass which runs along both sides of the house. I tried to lick her face every time it came upmost, then she lay quite still with her eyes closed and no smile upon her face. I pushed her hands with my nose, bit gently at her toes, licked her face and snuffed in her ears, but she would not move so I backed away a bit and barked, "A fox! A fox!" as well as I could. Up sprang Peggy, "Did you really think I was dead Puppy dear?" she said. She went in to her dinner then and I lay by the back steps till she came out again, bringing me some milk in a bowl and a bun spread with honey. Oh! I love honey and I think holidays are just lovely.

I played with Peggy again in the afternoon. She took me behind the woodpile, saying, "Now you stay there until I call you," and off she went. In a little while I heard her call, "Ready Puppy," so I lowered my head to the ground and followed her tracks until I found her. She laughed and clapped her hands saying, "Oh, Puppy I am so glad you know how to play. You are almost as good as a sister."

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Muriel Woodsworth of 130 North St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, writes to tell us how happy she is about winning a button and enquires how Cornerites obtain a star on their buttons. When a Cornerite qualifies for a gold button and has already won one, we have a star put on that button. Some of our members have two and even three stars on their buttons. Muriel is very interested in the "Adventures of Puppy" and will be pleased to know there are several more adventures to tell you about.

Martha Grovet of Galahad, Alberta, is welcomed to our Corner. Martha is twelve years old and would like some of the other members to write to her and she is wondering whether any other member has the same birthday—May 25th.

Margaret Halliday of Assiniboia, Sask., sends us a poem which we hope to publish soon. Margaret is very fond of reading and writing stories and would like us to run a contest for story writing. We must think about that idea.

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I am responsible for the instruction given by The SHAW SCHOOLS, Toronto, in the Extension Course in SHORT STORY WRITING, and invite those who have work to sell to write me.

A. P. McKishnie
Author, 1130 Bay Street.

CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE AND OTHERWISE

Continued from page 45

The picture is well photographed with charming scenic backgrounds.

"FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS"

DESPITE their many excellences most of the films that have come to us from the Soviet are too heavily laden with propaganda to be really good. Every member of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie is painted as a deep-dyed villain. Every aspect of the Soviet government and the "Five-year Plan" is radiant with goodness. Like the Queen in "Hamlet" they "protest too much."

"Forgotten Commandments," a new American picture is anti-Soviet, but it has the Soviet fault of being too heavily laden with propaganda. It preaches so hard that it fails to amuse. Sari Maritza, heroine of "Monte Carlo Madness," makes her American debut in "Forgotten Commandments." Her part is not a good one. In fact the whole story is rather dull. The picture features the inclusion of several "shots" from DeMille's silent picture, "Ten Commandments." DeMille's over glossy, super-spectacular films were bad enough five years ago, and half a decade makes them seem shoddier and gaudier than ever.

"HARLEM IS HEAVEN"

ANYONE interested in novelties will welcome "Harlem is Heaven," a picture with an all negro cast. The picture is not a pretentious one and its story is quite ordinary. But it is well played and contains a lot of good singing and dancing. Bill Robinson, the well known tap-dancer, is featured in the film. He is a competent actor as well as an amazingly clever dancer; and he has a very likeable personality. "Harlem is Heaven" is not a technically finished product, but it is novel and unusually interesting.

THE POEM

By Nan McPherson Emerson

*A lovely thought waked up with me
And begged my pen to set it free.
A poem of beauty it would be
This Monday morning.
But first, the children must away
Some to school and one to play;
Their eager feet can never stay
For poems aborning.*

*And then my man gets off in time,
And then the washing's on the line
So sweet, and white; but what's the time?
And lunch to make.
And still my poem urges me
If I could only quiet be.
But biscuits must be made for tea
And Sonny's cake.*

*And then at last each sleepy head
Is tucked away in downy bed,
Drinks have been given, good night said;
And times my own.
Oh just a moment now to rest
I must be at my very best;
With quietness at last I'm blest
So now—my poem.*

*And then,—some one is at the door
Some neighbors dear have just run o'er
To have a game or two—not more.
Or so they said.
At last they left, quite late at night;
My lovely thought had vanished quite;
So wearily put out the light
And so to bed.*

*And lay, weary from head to feet
And then, just as I dropped to sleep,
A thought slipped in so wondrous sweet;
"Perhaps your poem
Is the children going to school on time,
And billowy white clothes on the line,
While Life swings on in splendid rhyme,
Your verses, Home."*

JASPER GOLF WEEK SEPTEMBER 3RD TO 10TH

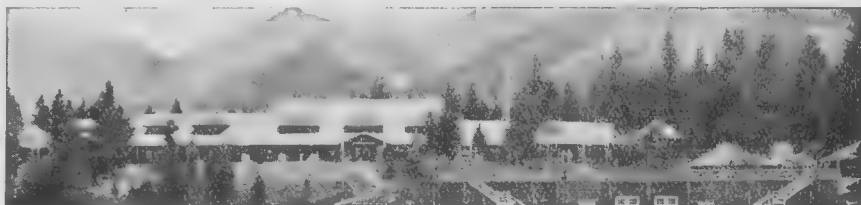


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Crowded into eight delightful days you can take part in . . . or witness . . . one of Canada's greatest amateur golf classics. There are the Silver Totem Pole Trophy and the International Team matches, and several events for ladies as well. Trophy becomes the property of winner's club for one year . . . with small silver replica to winner himself.

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Edmonton, Alta.	90.00
Calgary, Alta.	100.00
Saskatoon, Sask.	115.00
Regina, Sask.	125.00
(c) Moose Jaw, Sask. (via Regina)	125.00
Winnipeg, Man.	145.00
Fort William, Ont.	170.00
Port Arthur, Ont.	170.00
(d) London, Ont.	*195.00
(d) Hamilton, Ont.	*195.00
Toronto, Ont.	*195.00
Ottawa, Ont.	*205.00
Montreal, Que.	*210.00
Quebec, Que.	*220.00
Moncton, N.B.	*235.00
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Halifax, N.S.	*245.00

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* Passage tickets to be summer tourist short limit (one month) issue. (b) Covers sleeping car accommodation from and return to Vancouver only. (c) Covers sleeping car accommodation from and return to Regina only. (d) Covers sleeping car accommodation from and return to Toronto only.



Right and Wrong Do Not Change

AMONG some books produced recently by writers who consider themselves advanced thinkers is one entitled "Our Changing Morality," which The Philosopher has been looking through. From the title to the bottom of the last page the book is false and hollow. Even if the "advanced thinkers" are met on their own ground, they cannot deny that if natural appetites are not controlled, they will antagonize and destroy one another and cause anarchy and chaos. This is a primitive, persisting and inescapable truth. Morality, therefore, does not change in its essentials. Only when life is lived under the guidance of loyalty to obligation and in accordance with rules can it be secure or fruitful or in any true sense of the word free. This holds true of all human relations, and especially of the marriage relation, on which the family is based. Right does not change from being right. Wrong does not change from being wrong. Self-respect and honor and decency do not alter their standards.

What Every Woman Knows

EVERY man knows how easy it is, when he is helping his wife by drying dishes, to break a plate or a cup. He knows, too, that it is no excuse that he was doing some heavy thinking about world problems, instead of paying attention to the work in hand. The Philosopher, having had to listen recently to some emphatic remarks about the helplessness, destructiveness and general inefficiency of a man in any housework, did not derive any comfort from thinking of Alfred the Great in the forest hut where he had taken refuge and was scolded by the good woman for letting the cakes burn which she had set him to watch before the fire. As a matter of fact, was not that woman in the forest hut a more efficient doer of her share in the world's work than King Alfred was when by letting her cakes burn he destroyed the food she had prepared?

Help in Trouble

SOME of us are strong and self-reliant in trouble. But not all of us. An old family doctor who was often called on by troubled, anxious souls seeking advice told The Philosopher once upon a time that usually those who sought that kind of help from him began by saying that there were two or three things they wanted to talk to him about, but that after they had begun to disburden themselves he waited to hear the third or fourth or fifth thing they talked about as the really important one. He had in him so much charity and sincerity and strong common sense, so much sympathetic knowledge of humanity, that those who went to him in trouble unbosomed themselves. His kindness and wisdom, which had drawn them to him, drew their trouble from them. There will always be need of such kind and wise advisers as that old doctor was.

This Changing World

CONSISTENCY, said a wise man, is the bugbear of little minds. One of the oldest recorded sayings, coming down the centuries from a sage in ancient Greece, is that no man bathes

twice in the same river. The river is always changing, and so is the man. The person who solely for the sake of what he calls consistency clings to an opinion may find that, without knowing it, he has suspended himself from a hook which has ceased to exist. In one of Thomas Hardy's tales a shepherd says: "I thought it was her, and she thought it was me, and when we came near, it weren't neither one of us." An absurd saying, of course. But it is not always wise to be too positive.

Statistics and Politics

PROPAGANDA and prophecy about politics The Philosopher has found to be interesting oftener than the results of the voting have proved the propagandists and statisticians reliable. Among the productions of the political propagandists and prophets among our neighbors to the south with a view to the Presidential election next November, one of the most interesting he had read is a study of the relation of rainfall to election results in the United States during the past hundred years. The conclusion drawn is that every national election in which the party in power has suffered defeat has been preceded by a time of deficient rainfall causing a serious decrease in agricultural prosperity. In like manner, no doubt, a statistical "graph" could be constructed showing that in all national elections, whether in Canada, Great Britain, the United States or any other country, a political party in power has been cast out of power only when the party in opposition has succeeded in stirring up a great wave of mass emotion in a majority of the electors. And another "graph" to show that in every such case, or in no such case, according as a statistician possessing the requisite kind of expertness was making the "graph," the appeal to emotion had a basis of logic under it. And it would not be difficult for any competent statistician to show in like manner that Sir John Macdonald knew what he was talking about when he made his celebrated remark that "the only thing in this world more uncertain than an election is a horse race."

Most of Us Are Average People

IN ORDER that there may be progress, humanity needs the exceptional individuals who are greatly gifted. We need leaders. But it is the great mass of us who have to say who our leaders shall be. And so it is that the problem of leadership is the greatest problem of democracy. Most of us are just ordinary, average people, with right feelings and sound instincts, but without shining brilliance of personality or great intellectual power or remarkable talent or any gifts or qualities to make us outstanding. We cannot all be exceptional people. And after all, the whole experience of countless generations of human life is distilled down, so to speak, and deposited in the minds and instincts and characters of the average ordinary people who make up the vast mass of each generation. But there have to be leaders in all the lines of advance. That country is great which produces great men whom humanity needs as leaders.

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THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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What the World is Saying

Thereby Acquiring A Natural Sun-tan

One good thing about the good old days was that the family skeleton was hidden instead of being in public view on the beach.—St. John Times-Globe.

If We Only Knew What They Are

It is true of us all generally, that we are ready to face the facts.—Halifax Mail.

A Prehistoric Practice That Persists

Away back in the Stone Age, no doubt, there were people who tried to get across the road ahead of the dinosaur.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

There Will Be Can-openers In Burglars' Kits

Portable copper houses have been perfected in Germany, and large numbers of them are coming into use in that country.—Scientific American.

But Not The Corkscrew And The Can-opener

This is the time of year when we feel like going miles away for a picnic in the country and forgetting everything.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Because Women Learn Quicker Than Men?

The United States census taken last year discloses among other facts of life under the Stars and Stripes that there are twice as many widows as widowers. Which would indicate that more widowers marry than widows.—Regina Leader.

Wisdom Seventeen Years Late

"War Doesn't Pay, Says Ludendorff," is a recent newspaper headline, which would seem to indicate that Ludendorff has at last thought his way through to a conclusion that must have begun on November 11, 1918, to bore its way into his head.

Did He Ever Try It In A Telegram?

"Do not be afraid to be polite," said Dr. Dickenson in his address to the pupils of the Dovercourt Night School. "It is never a waste of words to say all that politeness requires that you should say. It costs nothing to be polite."—Toronto Star.

Silent Soup Is Another Long-felt Want

Silent chocolates, with wrappings of specially soft paper, which will not make a loud crackling when unwound and removed from each chocolate, are now on the market, for use in theatres and concert halls frequented by the chocolate eaters.—London New Statesman.

A Boy With a Strangely Morbid Mind

A schoolboy in Hamilton who had to write an essay telling what he would go to see in Ottawa if he were there for a day, wrote that he would like to spend all his time in the gallery of Parliament listening to the debates.—Ottawa Citizen.



"Honest, officer, some one must have put it in there for a practical joke."

Unwanted Second-hand Furniture

The Hohenzollern throne, that is, the actual chair of state in which the former Kaiser sat in all his "All-Mightiest" majesty and magnificence on occasions of high Imperial ceremony, was put up at auction in Berlin last week, at a reserve bid of \$238. There were no bids on it.—London Daily Mail.

And a Lighter that Won't Work

Investigation would often reveal that the man with enough fountain-pens and pencils in his top vest pockets to make him look like a pipe-organ when he throws his coat open is also weighted down with a key-ring holding a lot of keys he never uses.—Edmonton Journal.

Thrills for Chess Enthusiasts

Who says chess isn't an exciting game? Capablanca, one of the greatest players the world has ever known, has just been defeated by a player from India, and Alekhine, the Einstein of chess, has escaped being burned to death in bed. Both are getting on well.—London Observer.

Women's Knees and the Business Crisis

A professor of Economics in an Eastern university places a measure of responsibility for trade depression on the fickleness of women in regard to skirt lengths. The garment trade, he says, one of this continent's major industries, has suffered from the incalculable ups and downs of skirt hems.—Regina Leader.

Beginning Next Month

"Calamity House"

A gripping novel, full of vivid incidents, with British Columbia for the scene of action. The story is aptly described as a "murder mystery tale," and comes from the ingenious pen of

Mabel Broughton Billet

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